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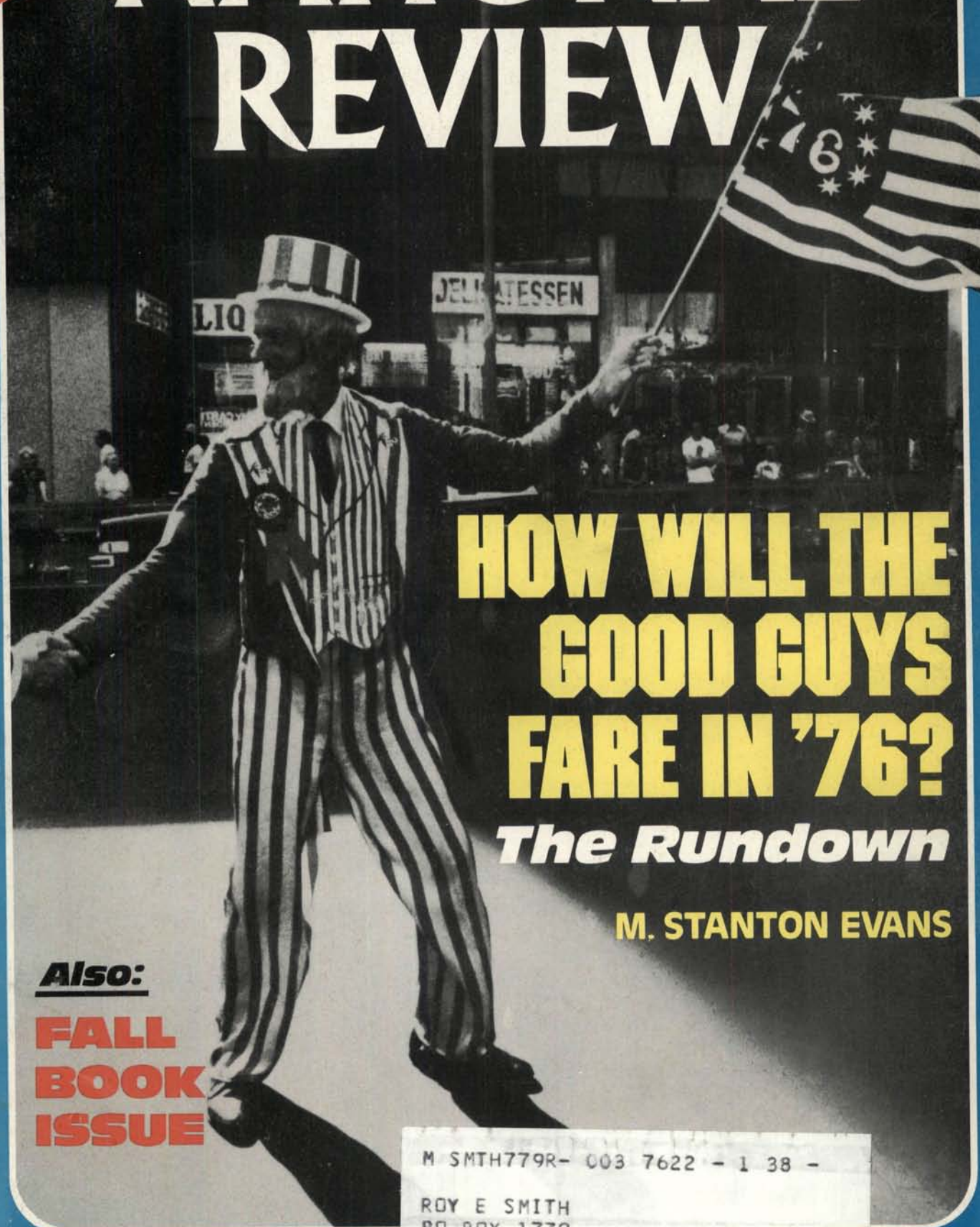


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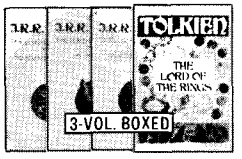


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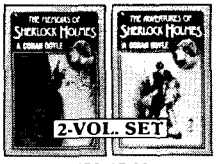


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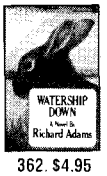


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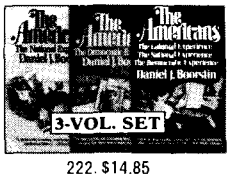


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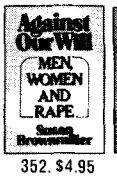


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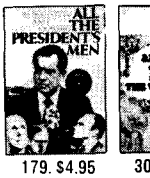


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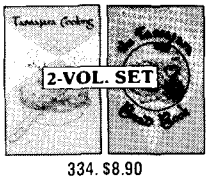


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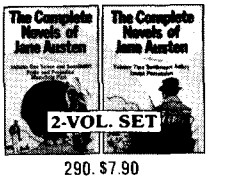


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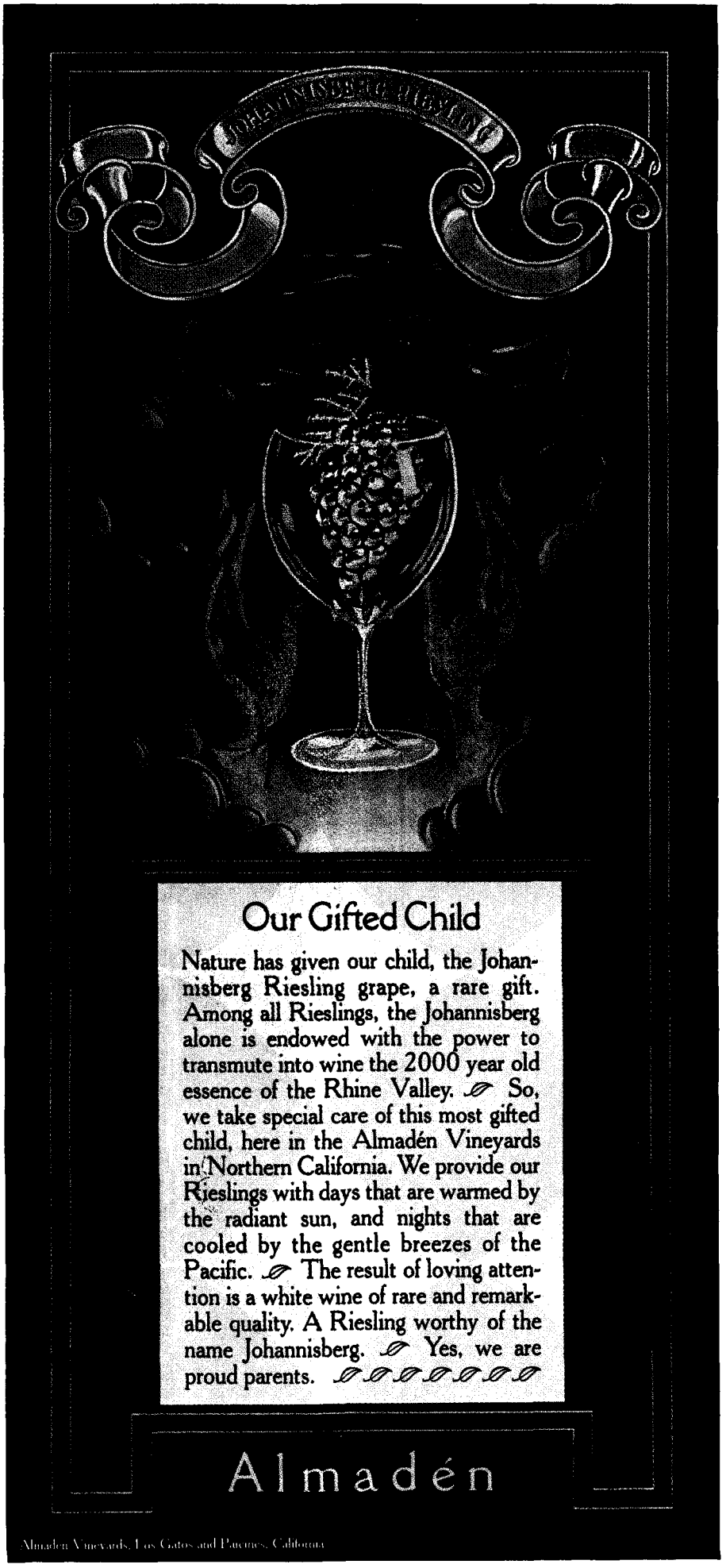
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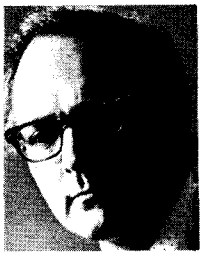

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The intellectuals have been much agitated on the question whether Jimmy Carter is PLU. Having gotten the nomination by exploiting the malaise they themselves had generated, he has done his best to allay their anxieties about him. His winning synthesis is a brand of Christian Socialism.
*Clare Boothe Luce*

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Jerry Ford looks determined to lose his fumbling match with Jimmy Carter. What can the GOP salvage in Senate, House, and state contests? Herewith a rundown. A gloomy rundown. *M. Stanton Evans*

1234 **The Minimum School**
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Listened to your local campus lately?
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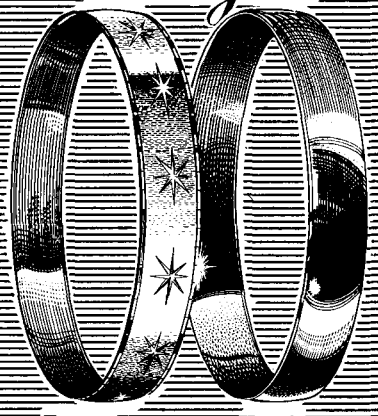

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# Letters

## A Plague on Whitaker

Mr. Robert W. Whitaker's "Populist View on Opposing Carter" [October 29] is as determinedly *lumpen*-minded as his appallingly ignorant and provincial book, *A Plague on Both Your Houses*, which I have just finished reading aloud to my dog. Mr. Whitaker apparently believes that it is mainly "mechanics, TV repairmen, linemen," and other such virtuosi of our civilization who possess the political discrimination necessary to understand that the main issue of a presidential campaign is whether or not the candidate's formulae are practical ones. This is nothing more than country-and-western Marxism.

Whitaker calls Jimmy Carter "an obviously honest man"; a "practical man"; a man with "populist expertise"; also a "genuine populist," albeit a "mild and superficial" one. Why, then, is Whitaker instructing us on how to oppose him? Astonishingly, he never says. Is it because he recognizes that a man who has spent more than a quarter of a century in the U.S. Congress can put his Yale law degree to work even more efficaciously than a filling-station attendant his wrench? Or a peanut farmer his plow?

*Jacksonville, Miss.* WILLIAM P. BEERS

## South Africa

Having spent time in South and East Africa, I find Mr. Laurence Salomon's article ["South Africa in Our Future," Oct. 15] most intriguing and in general most perceptive. He pinpoints the hypocrisy of the West and the United States in particular and in doing so presents a scenario which I believe can and may happen.

However, there is another possible solution for South Africa which no one in the West seems to appreciate. At least I have not seen it in print. What if South Africa, finding treatment by the West so hypocritical, so unrealistic, should decide to make a deal with Russia, which Russia, being utterly realistic, would jump at. Just think, between them, as allies, they would have a stranglehold on that vital metal chromium, as well as gold, and the vital sea lanes for oil. I submit, in agreement with Mr. Salomon, the South Africans are realistic enough, competent enough, and strong-minded enough to take such a course. The end result of course is the same as Mr. Salomon's for the West but not at all the same as he predicts for South Africa.

*Towson, Md.* HENRY R. KELLY

## Carter and Abortion

NATIONAL REVIEW has been for me a welcome source of intellectual stimulation and entertainment for a couple of years. This letter, however, is one of mild protest.

I share your distaste for the candidacy of Jimmy Carter. But the item in "The Week" [Sept. 17], which implies that he is lying in his protestations about his personal opposition to abortion, is unworthy of your magazine.

The remarks you quoted as an embarrassment to his present position were published in 1972. If he became a disciple of Jesus after that time, it is only natural that his position would change. More generally, doesn't anyone have the right to change his mind over the space of four years? How many of us would not be embarrassed by a comparison of our present views with those we held four years ago?

[REVEREND] KEN IRONSIDE

*South Hamilton, Mass.*

## The State of the GOP

I am not a little disturbed by the self-deception I discern in your editorial comments relating to the creation of a new (third or second) party ["Campaign 1976," Sept. 17]. Your conclusion that this "exotic exercise . . . seems too unnecessary" is generated by the superficial observations that 1) "a majority of Americans consider themselves conservatives," 2) "in the Republican Party, liberalism is virtually extinct," 3) "the Republicans gathered in Kansas City were overwhelmingly conservative." Were each of these true, one can only wonder why the ruins of the Republican Party are all about us.

Having attended the Kansas City Convention, where my wife and I were alternate delegates for Reagan, I must remark that the liberal wing, far from being ex-

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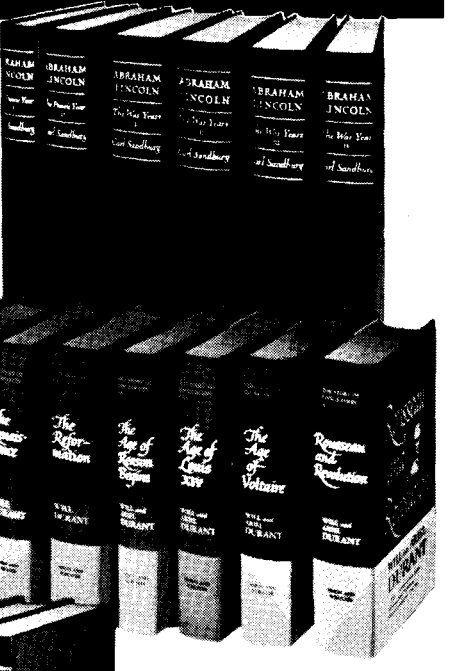

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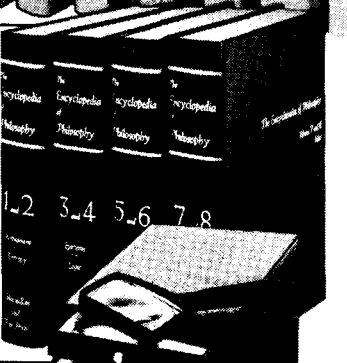

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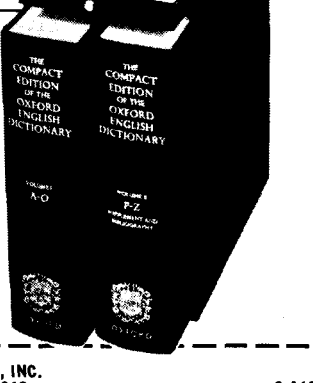

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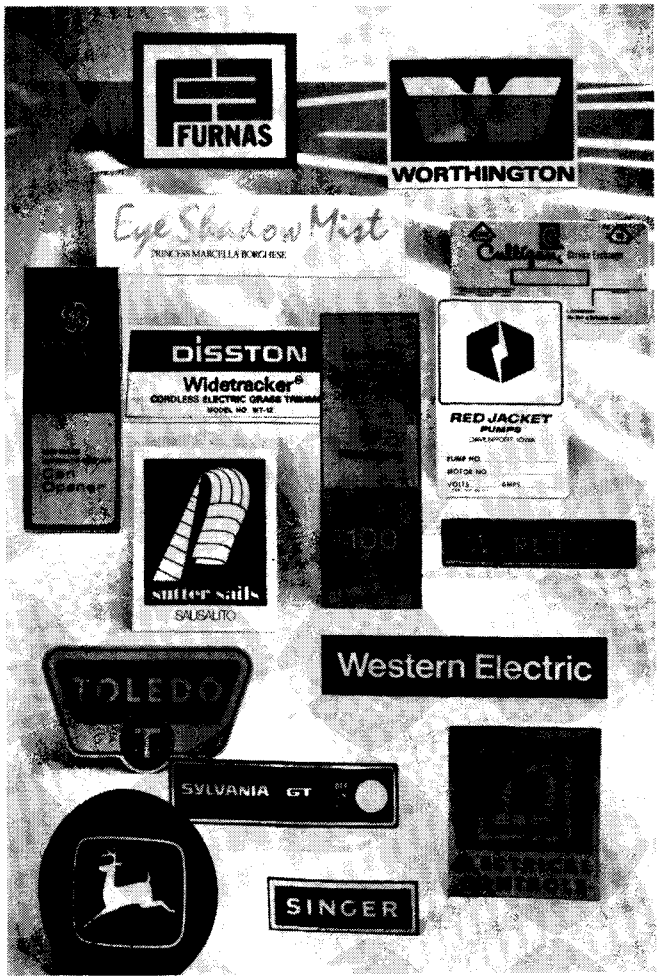


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tinct, is very much *in control* of large sections of the party, the *apparent* complexion of the convention notwithstanding. Do you seriously believe that a Percy, Javits, Rockefeller, Brooke, Case, Mathias, or Scranton—not to mention the "moderates" coming along in the House—can be dislodged from *within* the party? You have not looked this beast in the eye. The American people are indeed becoming more conservative; but in many parts of the country they are not in control of either party's hierarchy, and hence are not given conservative candidates for whom to vote. Thus unless a way can be found to dislodge the party establishments, as the Republicans did in some Western states, we will continue with "politics-as-usual."

I take it, however, that this editorial was a preliminary to biting the bullet, to supporting Ford at a later date. Yet there are many of us who came away from Kansas City believing that the bullet must be bitten in the other direction; we cannot in good conscience support the Ford-Rockefeller-Kissinger team, especially after Ford's behavior in the primaries, nor can we support Carter. Should Carter win, however, we trust that the effects in the longer run will be salutary; for the alternative is the drift and decline that for too long have characterized our politics, indeed, have characterized the politics of the West. That decline may one day render us too weak to make the choice that we *can* make today—as witness the already debilitating effects of recent federal election legislation. So let us not deceive ourselves about the dilemma before us.

*Chicago, Ill.* ROGER PILON

## Ukrainian Deserters, II

The letter on Ukrainian deserters in your October 1 issue makes shocking charges against unidentified "U.S. authorities." It alleges that when the Red Army suppressed Hungarian freedom fighters in 1956, some 800 Ukrainian Red Army men deserted and joined the Hungarian side; that after the debacle, they escaped to Austria, and that subsequently American authorities secretly arranged to have them shipped back to Soviet-controlled territory, where they presumably faced either the Gulag or execution.

This crime did not occur right after World War II, when illusions about the character of the Soviet system were widespread, but when John Foster Dulles was Secretary of State and liberation of captive nations was a proclaimed goal of U.S. foreign policy.

Careful and searching investigation of these charges is indicated. If true, the American people are entitled to know the circumstances under which this crime was committed and the persons responsible. If Congress is reluctant to uncover facts that might destroy some of the illusions surrounding detente, journalistic enterprise should take up the challenge.

*Boca Raton, Fla.* NATHANIEL WEYL


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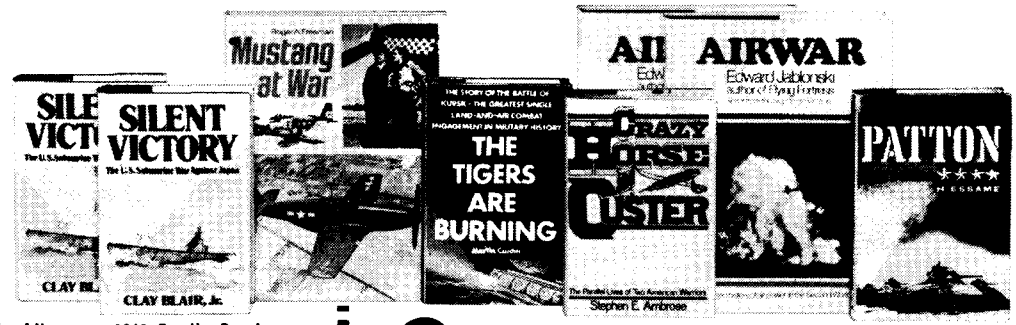


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## The Olympics

I believe Michael Novak a bit naive in his article, "War Games: Facts and Coverage" [September 3]. He is whistling Dixie in his last paragraph when he dreams of a Frank Merriwell finish for the Americans in the Moscow Olympics. "We ain't seen nuttin yet" until we witness the wondrous ways the Eastern bloc will devise to win in 1980. As someone said, they'll find a way to hide the finish line.

If Russia will resort to electronic deception to ensure a sure winner, as they did with Boris Onischenko in the Pentathlon epée, what illegal means will they use to win in their own homeland? Twenty five medals for USSR is not enough, neither is 328 out of 615: they will want all the medals. A dismal statistic shows that Russia qualified fifteen swimmers in Montreal, the same number the DDR qualified in 1972. Swimming people know the Russians will be as improved four years from now as the East Germans were after the past four.

No one involved in Olympic sports programs thinks nationalism is a minor part of the Olympics. Swimming, as well as other sports, is undergoing massive soul-searching for ways to put us back on top, but an Olympic Games put on by the USSR in Moscow seems an unlikely place for this to come to pass.

*Santa Clara, Calif.* CAROLYN FINNERAN
Ass't Mgr.
1976 USA Olympic Swimming Teams

Let me, another one of those too serious Eastern Europeans, object to Michael Novak's endorsement of nationalism in sports. I admit that one can feel the excitement of a race more intensely when one is intensely attached to the nation from which a player or team hails. But is this good? Does it exemplify the best attitude toward a sport? Or is it more likely that such loyalties confuse sports with far more serious things, e.g., political rivalries, wars, or even economic competition?

I don't deny the propriety of camaraderie, a feeling of community, and similar wholesome sentiments which Mr. Novak appears to wish to preserve and foster. What I find objectionable is his willingness to sacrifice the integrity of athletics in order to provide a substitute for other, more suitable manifestations of these. Such efforts would seem to me to pose a danger to all of our human endeavors, among which athletics has managed—except for the more contaminated parts of the Olympic Games—to remain relatively clean.

A final note. It is from the sorts of conceptions Mr. Novak advances about sports that practices emerge such as cheering at someone's unfortunate error in a tennis match or soccer game, rather than taking joy in the excellence exhibited. I don't believe this is to be welcomed.

*Fredonia, N.Y.* TIBOR R. MACHAN

## Aces to Hart

Professor Jeffrey Hart writes well of this year's United States Open at Forest Hills in *NR* for October 15. May I make a few niggling complaints, however?

One certainly sympathizes with Professor Hart's disgust at Nastase's antics. But to suggest that his opponents arm themselves with steel racquets and cleave the Rumanian to the shoulders with these bludgeons is an extreme solution which might produce a terrible tragedy.

Steel racquets are notoriously difficult for players to control (Connors is an exception, of course) and therefore Nastase's potential Samson might miss the stroke. I would humbly suggest a head-heavy and heavyweight wood model, which, in addition to lending accuracy to the smash, would be cheaper to replace should it shatter upon impact with Ilie's noggin.

Professor Hart need not feel a pariah on hard courts because of his "continental forehand grip." Fred Perry, Rod Laver, René La Coste, and even the execrable Nastase share his continental-grip affliction but were and are experts on the higher bouncing claylike surfaces.

Indeed, the great grass-court players such as Tilden, Vines, Budge, and Kramer were all practitioners of the Eastern grip, which was, as its name suggests, developed to cope with Eastern clay.

To Professor Hart, I say: keep your grip, take the ball on the rise, and avoid not the Har-Tru. Also keep writing those great articles.

*Stratford, Conn.* WILLIAM H. TAFT JR.

## Disaster by HEW

Nathan Glazer's review of *Disaster by Decree* by Lino A. Graglia in the October 15 *NR*, points up another example of how judges and bureaucrats attempt to force their views on the rest of us. Other examples are the efforts by the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare to forbid Father-Son/Mother-Daughter events in Arizona and the banning of an all-boy's choir in Wethersfield, Conn.

Most concerned about individual freedom are those parents without the means to send children to the schools of their

*(Continues on page 1254)*


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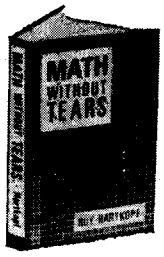


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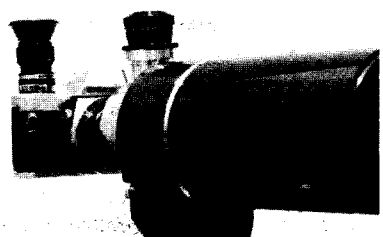




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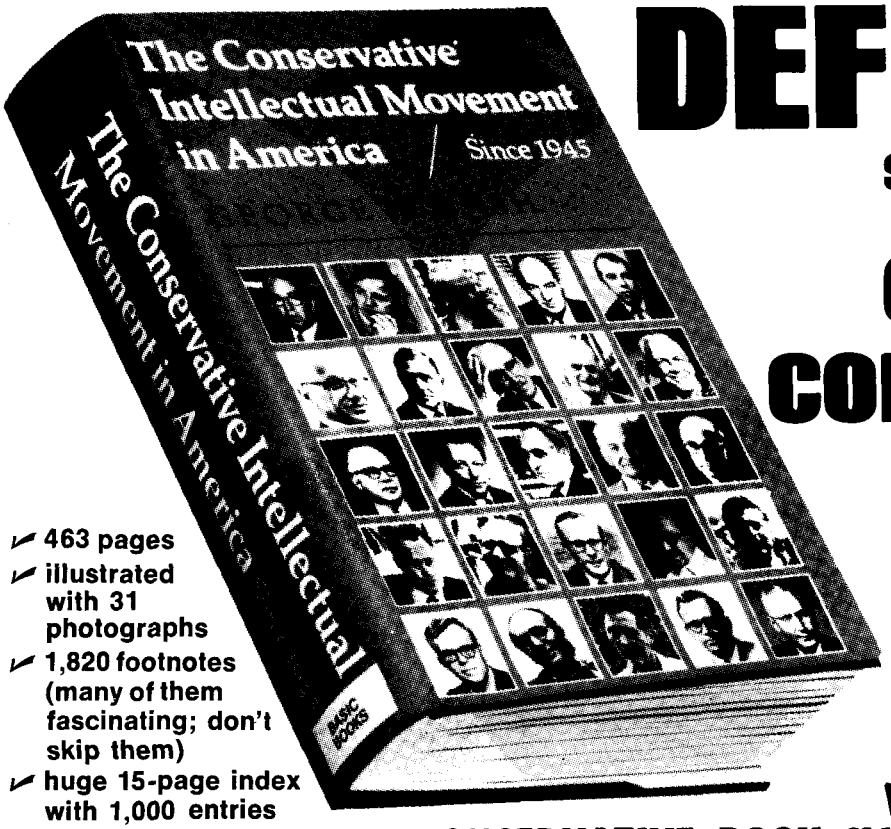
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# FOR THE RECORD

■ America's leading pollsters are not about to put their necks on the line on this one. Two weeks before election, **George Gallup** was saying: "It's the most unpredictable election in my forty years of polling." **Daniel Yankelovich**: "Voters will tell you one thing today and something else tomorrow." **Louis Harris**: "The election is up for grabs." (**Jimmy the Greek**: **Carter** is shading **Ford**, but just.) . . . In mid-October, Harris had Carter leading Ford by four points in four-way race including **Lester Maddox** (has anyone heard from Maddox since his nomination?) and **Eugene McCarthy**, while Gallup showed Carter leading by six points. . . . Harris pointed out that on the subject of "trust" Ford has moved ahead of Carter (39 to 38 per cent) among voters at large, and that—more important—Ford now leads Carter on the issue of trust among **independent voters** by 41 to 28 per cent. . . . **Richard Scammon**, in *U.S. News* interview, says he doesn't think McCarthy will get anything like the 6 to 8 per cent of the vote the polls showed him getting in early October. The closer the Ford-Carter race, says Scammon, the worse the Independent Party candidate will do. . . . McCarthy's candidacy is proving alarming to a former McCarthy Kid—**Sam Brown**, 1968 McCarthy supporter and organizer of the most successful anti-Vietnam War Moratorium. "Carter," says Brown, "is a progressive whom we can happily support," so Brown is placing ads in *The New Republic* and the *Nation* in late October urging left-liberals not to vote for McCarthy. Among the signatories of the ads: **H. Stuart Hughes**, **Michael Harrington**, **Jules Feiffer**, and former ADA Chairman **Joseph Duffey**.

■ Some campaign incidentals: *San Francisco Examiner* editor **Reg Murphy**, who had opposed Governor Jimmy Carter when Murphy was editor of the *Atlanta Constitution* back when, wasn't given

*Punch* Rothco

press credentials by the Carter press chief **Jody Powell** until the third week in October. . . . An ice cream parlor in southern Michigan that has been taking its own presidential poll reports that **Jerry Ford Butter Fudge Sundaes** are far outselling the **Jimmy Carter Peanut Jubilees**. . . . And George Gallup confesses that when he drew up a list of 38 possible Democratic presidential nominees in December 1975, Jimmy Carter's name was nowhere to be found on the list.

■ Not only are the voters apathetic, so are a number of the politicians—about each other. *New York Times* report on **Teddy Kennedy**'s campaigning for Jimmy Carter in New York said "[Kennedy] appeared to have no problem in restraining his enthusiasm as he referred to 'our candidate, Mr. Carter.'" . . . In Ohio, Senator **John Glenn** had, as of mid-October, failed to endorse fellow Democrat **Howard Metzenbaum** against Sen. **Robert Taft Jr.**, as in New York, had Sen. **Jacob Javits** not endorsed his fellow Republican, Sen. **James L. Buckley**. . . . In Rhode Island, Gov. **Philip Noel** has refused to support Democratic senatorial candidate **Richard Lorber** (who beat him out in a closely contested primary). Lorber is running against former Governor and Secretary of the Navy **John Chafee**. The intra-Democratic fight could swing the election to Chafee.

■ Also on the ballots: Referenda on nuclear power plant development in six states: **Arizona**, **Colorado**, **Ohio**, **Oregon**, **Montana**, and **Washington**. . . . In **Florida**, people will be able to vote on a constitutional amendment to restrict state employees to 1 per cent of the state population. . . . In **Michigan**, there's an amendment on the ballot to put a percentage limit of what the state government can spend any year (a modification of **Ronald Reagan**'s Proposition 1). . . . **Massachusetts** voters will be the first ever to take a stand on private ownership of handguns. . . . In **Arkansas**, the state AFL-CIO, plus the Auto and Mine Workers, and the Teamsters have launched the major drive this year for repeal of the state's right to work law. . . . **Common Cause**, incidentally, says that organized labor has poured more than $4.1 million this year into congressional campaigns (97 per cent of it going to Democratic campaigns), as against the $2.8 it spent on the 1974 races. . . . Carter political director **Landon V. Butler** says that "I don't know of a single thing labor's not doing that it could be doing." Butler believes Labor's support may provide Carter's margin of victory.

■ In Nevada, politicians are taking the biggest gamble of all this year. There's a place on the Nevada ballot for the voter who wants "**none of these.**"


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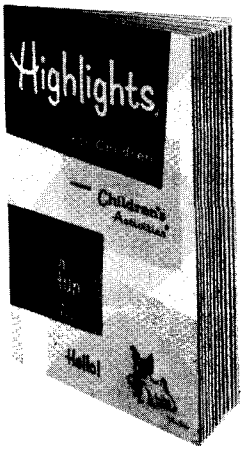


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# THE WEEK

■ Common Cause has uncovered an intriguing datum from the September 1 filing with the Federal Election Commission. It seems that business political action committees, which collect campaign contributions from executives and stockholders, gave $1.3 million to Republicans as of September 1, and $1.45 million to Democrats. The Democrats knew what they were doing when they passed the Campaign Reform Acts.

■ There will be lots more than candidates to vote for on the November 2 ballots: not only the usual state and local bond issues seeking approval, but a larger number than ever of state laws and constitutional amendments requesting voter ratification. In about half of these, big labor and big business are at dagger-point: California's bitterly fought measure extending farm-labor organizing rights, for example; the Arkansas proposal to throw out that state's right to work law; and in Maryland and Denver, a requirement of city residence for city employees. But in almost as many cases, big labor and big business are lined up in a tacit united front: against curbs on nuclear power expansion proposed for Ohio, Oregon, and Colorado; for a ban on no-return containers in Massachusetts and Michigan; against a Missouri move to exclude certain financing costs on utility construction from the rate base. Neither big business nor labor has taken a firm position on dog racing in California.

■ It looks as if less than half of all registered voters will go to the polls November 2, a fact that is causing a good deal of wailing and gnashing of teeth among Common Cause Democrats. To explain this situation, a number of theories have been advanced, one of the most interesting of which is that put forward by Professor Michael J. Robinson of Catholic University and Mr. Paul Weaver of *Fortune*. The Robinson-Weaver theory suggests that there is a correlation between the decline in voting habits in America and the advent of the television era: the citizen who attained both his majority and the right to vote in 1964, the year in which the Great Declension commenced, was seven years old in 1950, the year in which the TV set began its progress toward ubiquity. Have you noticed, ask Robinson-Weaver, that when you pick up a newspaper your eyes gravitate magnetically toward those articles the subject of which you find compelling and in which you enjoy a degree of intellectual competence? Well, your television set does not courteously perform that act of discrimination in a personal presentation of the news to your imperial self, does it? Rather, it forces you into a thin acquaintance with all sorts of stuff that is of less interest to you than the question of how many offspring had Elizabeth of Valois. And being force-fed all this dry and incomprehensible stuff makes you cranky, no? And sort of frustrated? To the point where you become apathetic, where you get so balled up in who's telling the truth about SALT that you don't give a damn whether the next President of the United States is a man who toasts his own English muffins or a fella whose make-up man used to do Eleanor Roosevelt? Yes? . . . Then surely you're a dyed-in-the-wool Native American: a breed apart, going back 13 generations. Because in Europe, Europeans absolutely *love* to vote: in Sweden, the most popular place next to a nude coffee-house, is a polling booth. And the Swedes also watch a lot of television.

■ Most observers think Fritz Mondale outpointed Bob Dole in their televised debate, and the polls bear this out. Not that it matters. The unwritten rules are pretty simple: the contestants are to maintain, for 75 minutes, a dignified mien, while throwing pitch at each other and avoiding saying anything memorably fatuous. Mondale is better at this: he can sound statesmanlike while proposing programs that will overheat Treasury printing presses, whereas Dole seems snide and petulant in straining to link the Democrats with everything bad from war to *Playboy*. The important thing is that everyone has forgotten the debate, as they should. Sorry we mentioned it.

■ General Brown's interlocutor (who has fought in the ranks of the Israeli Army) reiterated—no less than three times in the course of a single interrogatory sentence—his request for a strictly military appraisal of Israel and her armed forces as either "a burden or a blessing" to the United States. Consequently, when the General delivered himself of just such an appraisal, he kept his feet planted staunchly within his bailiwick: he was clearly discussing the military realities underlying foreign policy,

## The Changeling

The wounds of June heal in October's wind
As rage at Kansas City yields to fear.
The President and Poland are chagrined,
While Jimmy Carter plays the buccaneer.
Just yesterday he played the Christian seer,
But quickie costume changes are his forte.
Now Carter wants to arm the hemisphere,
While just last month he listed far to port.
And yet, and yet . . . Could all of this abort?
Is he a pacifist, or pirate prince?
Was *Playboy* real, or simply *pour le* sport?
Should Russia yawn, or feint, or merely wince?
He says he'd never tell us any lies,
But what if he's McGovern in disguise?

W. H. VON DREELE


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## LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Early this autumn, oil company executives and their lobbyists here at the American Petroleum Institute (API) believed the drive toward divestiture had run out of fuel. True, there was a comprehensive bill designed to break up the major oil companies before the Senate. And oil company representatives were startled and distressed when the Senate Judiciary Committee unexpectedly approved the bill. But then, thanks in large part to a massive lobbying effort by the API, over 250 newspapers, among them the *Washington Post*, took strong editorial anti-divestiture stands, and legislative analysts predicted the bill would lose by as many as twenty votes. But the problem was that it never came to a vote. Pro-divestiture senators, fearing that a resounding defeat would bury the issue once and for all, quietly let the bill die, thus turning what could have been a major victory for the oil industry into a stand-off. The result: when the new Congress takes its seat, Capitol Hill will continue to crawl with divestiture legislation. This time, however, the approach will be different. The pro-divestiture forces are no longer expected to attempt to push through comprehensive legislation. Instead, they will concentrate on less-ambitious, piecemeal bills which they believe will break up Big Oil over the long run. Thus, the oil industry experienced a bad case of jitters last week when the House Small Business Committee recommended in a yet-to-be-published report that legislation be introduced to prevent major companies from owning service stations. "It isn't that one recommendation that troubles us," says one industry spokesman here. "But it is part of something bigger that worries us very much."

Intensifying that worry is uncertainty over who will be occupying the White House next year. If it's Carter, divestiture legislation will fly thick and fast. And many energy experts here believe things will be just as bad under Ford. "It's similar to this Administration's position on national health insurance," says one. "Ford's advisors want to get behind some sort of catastrophic program that would be less comprehensive than Kennedy-Corman. That way they believe they'd take the edge off the issue. And that's why we don't think Ford would oppose the first couple of divestiture bills. Give them a little, and they'll lose their appetite. But it won't work. Bayh and his boys won't be satisfied until they've eaten the whole enchilada."

This intense hunger for divestiture has developed for several reasons. There is the obvious political mileage in the issue, of course, with senators such as Birch Bayh and James Abourezk out to validate their populist credentials in a populist year. There is also the lingering suspicion, long since disproved but nevertheless still there, that the oil companies rather than the Arabs and the policies of our own government caused the energy crisis of 1973-74, a convenient suspicion to play on for those politicians who don't want to discuss the role of federal regulation in bringing on that crisis. And then, oddly enough, there's sentiment. One of the best-loved of the Senate's liberals, Senator Philip Hart of Michigan, is retiring, and for over a decade Hart has waged a one-man fight for divestiture, just as dogged and persistent as was Senator Dirksen's pursuit of legislation to make the humble marigold our national flower. But then came the energy crisis. Hart's proposals suddenly became fashionable, and today he is viewed as the grand old man of divestiture. His liberal colleagues believe they can pay him no higher tribute than to put divestiture legislation into the books.

■ Sentiment is also worrying opponents of Humphrey-Hawkins, the "full-employment" legislation that would establish a system of national planning. Last month, few here thought it would make it, even if Carter were to take the White House. But then Humphrey was operated on, and cancer was found to have spread to his lymph nodes, a condition for which there is only about a 23-per-cent chance of recovery. Thus, prospects for the passage of Humphrey-Hawkins have considerably improved. "If Humphrey is really that sick," says one Senate aide, "the ball game may be over. He thinks that bill is the single most important thing he's ever been involved with, and if things are as bad as they seem to be, they'll pass it. For Hubert, it would put the cap on his life's work." —CATO

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and not the foreign policy attendent upon adequate military support for a foreign regime. Indeed, by speaking out bluntly, Brown was in fact testifying to his military duty to stay clear of partisan politics by ignoring political expediency in the interest of telling what he considers to be a truth, however unpopular and inflammatory.

■ Former Defense Secretary James Schlesinger, the first prominent American to visit the People's Republic of China since Mao's death, thinks that the American commitment to Taiwan will continue to be a subsidiary question in relations between Washington and Peking. In an interview with *U.S. News & World Report*, Schlesinger said that Taiwan was definitely "lower on the Chinese priority list" than the position of the United States in regard to the Soviet Union toward which, they believe, Americans exhibit an excessive anxiety. The Chinese regard the Helsinki agreement with Russia as an international "Munich," for example, and say that we are too eager to go along with Soviet positions and policies in general. Schlesinger's views reinforce recent Chinese declarations rejecting offers of conciliation Moscow has made to Peking since the death of Mao.

■ One result of Governor Carter's *Playboy* interview that he must have least expected was involvement in a circulation war between skin magazines. Not to be outdone, *Playboy*'s rival, *Penthouse*, carries in its November issue an article comparing the Governor to Richard Nixon, with highly unflattering conclusions. *Penthouse* furthermore took a full page in newspapers to print a large drawing of a smiling Carter about to brush his gleaming teeth before a bathroom mirror in which he sees the face of a smiling Nixon about to brush his own equally gleaming teeth. The *Penthouse* piece is made up of a series of comparisons between the two men and is

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not very effective. Nevertheless the ad—and the idea—are effective, and Governor Carter's press staff must ruefully regret his role as an inadvertent pawn in the *Playboy-Penthouse* struggle, not to mention the decision to hazard so much to *Playboy* in the first place.

■ We confess to a soft spot for Gene McCarthy, if only for aesthetic reasons. No two styles could be more oppressive than those of the two principals in this campaign. Jimmy Carter could read aloud from the works of de Sade, and make them sound like the effusions of Norman Vincent Peale. Gerald Ford could make those of Oscar Wilde sound like Mortimer Snerd. But McCarthy —calm, urbane, dry Gene McCarthy—well, about 45 minutes into one of those "debates," our fondness for him becomes a fierce craving, and we curse the FCC, and the League of Women Voters, and the heavens, and cry aloud for the presence of a man who can say of the public financing of campaigns that "the American Revolution was not financed with matching funds from the Crown." A man who has already named his cabinet, but not his runningmate. A man who can conceive of campaigning for the nation's highest office as something other than alternating appeals to venality with clumsy impersonations of Mount Rushmore. Ah, but then our sober good sense returns, and we reflect that his Presidency would be the worst thing that could possibly happen to this country.

■ While Secretary Kissinger and British Foreign Minister Crosland were sending out invitations to the Geneva black-white conference on Rhodesia, Angolan President Agostinho Neto was also busily preparing, after his fashion, for Rhodesia's shift of rule from white to black. Early this month, Neto took off for Moscow for ten days of consultation with the Soviet leadership. On October 10, Neto and Leonid Brezhnev signed a twenty-year treaty of friendship between Angola and the Soviet Union. The more detailed terms of the agreements reached during Neto's visit remain secret, but the treaty's public text gives a clear enough indication of how Neto and the Kremlin view the present situation in southern Africa and what they propose to do about it. As Neto explained: "We should not consider that, with Angola's attainment of independence, the liberation struggle on the continent will end, that other peoples continuing the struggle for freedom will not need the aid of the Angolan people. And we are prepared to give them this aid." The treaty proposed to develop cooperation between the two countries in the military sphere, "in the interests," as the text discreetly puts it, "of strengthening their defense capacity." The two parties also agreed to cooperate in supporting "the just struggle of the peoples for sovereignty, freedom, independence, and social progress." The private talks are reported to have confirmed arrangements for the continuing flow of Soviet weapons and logistic support for both the Angolan army and the 10,000 to 15,000 Cuban troops stationed in Angola.

■ The resignation of Canadian Defense Minister, James A. Richardson, is the latest step in the disintegration of Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau's wobbly government. Richardson, a resident of Manitoba, gave as his motive a wish to speak out publicly against Trudeau's proposed constitutional amendment that would make French and English co-equal official languages. However, the linguistic issue is only one count in the swelling complaint of the Western provinces against Trudeau's plans for centralization, and the still more general dissatisfaction with Trudeau's unstable medley of socialist-leaning policies at home, chauvinist, often anti-Western intrigues abroad, and personal eccentricities. If a general election were held in the near future, no Canadian doubts that Trudeau would be swept from the political scene.

■ The gap between the U.S. and Soviet economies is so great that it's estimated by 1980 U.S. output of goods and services will surpass the Soviet Union by $1 trillion. Yet for all its many weaknesses, *New York Times* columnist C. L. Sulzberger says, "in many finished items of war, as well as critical materials such as steel and petroleum, Moscow's production today is well ahead of ours." How do the Soviets manage to pull this off? With loans and credits from the West. Says Sulzberger: "A resolute Kremlin management has successfully worked out a method of surviving weaknesses such as a wholly inefficient agricultural system that produces less per capita than the dilapidated Czarist society that preceded it while at the same time attracting Western funds to keep things humming—especially weapons manufacture."

■ Magda Denes is a New York psychoanalyst who has written a book about the people who operate and patronize an abortion hospital. An excerpt appears in the October *Commentary*, consisting largely of quotations from doctors and nurses. Says one doctor: "All of a sudden at the time of the saline infusion there was a lot of activity in the uterus. That's not fluid currents. That's obviously the fetus being distressed by swallowing the concentrated salt solution and kicking violently and that's, to all intents and purposes, the death trauma. You can either face the method or you can turn the other way and claim it's uterine contractions. That, however, would be essentially repressing, since as a doctor you obviously understand that it is not. Now, whether you admit this to the patient, that's a different matter. . . . We'll just have to face it, that somebody has to do it. And, unfortunately, we are the executioners in this instance." One nurse remembers the sight of the baby (her word) thrashing around as the needle went into it during the first abortion she assisted at, "and then one of the doctors said something he never should have said" to the distressed mother: "at the induction he was having trouble," the nurse continues, "because the baby was moving around and blocking up the needle, and so he gets angry and he just makes the comment that the baby was putting his finger against the needle. You know, just personalized it." The hard part is apparently learning *not* to personalize it, for as Dr. Denes says, "In my interviews with them, the word 'murder' surfaces again and again,


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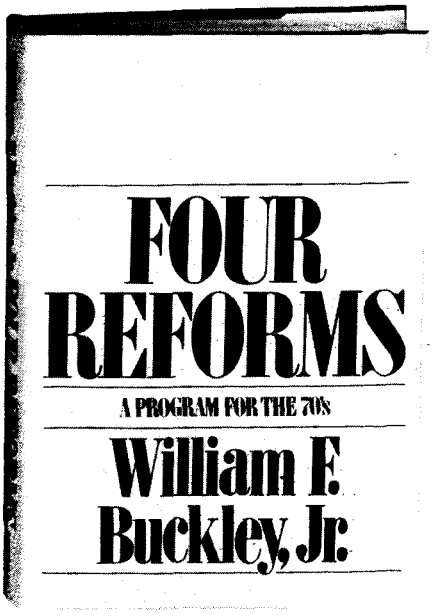


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and it sticks on the tongue like a searing coal of fire that one knows will do further damage whether it is swallowed or spat out."

■ The strangest political issue in modern times has popped up on the front page of the strangest newspaper of all times, the *New York Times*, to wit: "Washington Unable to Spend Funds as Rapidly as It Planned This Year." The "experts" are apparently disturbed at inexplicable federal lethargy that has left some $8 thousand million unslushed. That amounts to a whole week's worth of social problems unsolved, favors unbought, doggles unbooned. Holy Keynes! If the bureaucrats can't waste on schedule, where will it end?

■ John W. Dean III claims in his book, *Blind Ambition: The White House Years*, that Charles W. Colson told him that Richard M. Nixon *had* told him that "the typewriters are always the key. We built one in the Hiss case." Colson vehemently denies that Nixon ever told him any such thing. Our own theory is that Alger Hiss built the machine on which Dean wrote *Blind Ambition*.

■ Our Award of the Week Award goes to Actors' Equity, for giving its Paul Robeson Award to Lillian Hellman for her "concern for and service to fellow humans."

■ Acting with uncharacteristic haste, Congress has passed a bill making George Washington a six-star general.

■ Nobody cares. Nobody keeps his promises. Nobody lowers taxes. Nobody can represent you better than you can represent yourself. Reasoning that Nobody could be a better candidate, a couple of Berkeley types named Wavy Gravy and Hog Farm have launched Nobody's presidential campaign. A fetching idea. If anybody can clean up the famous mess in Washington, Nobody can.

# Aborting the Recovery

Jimmy Carter worries that the economy is "sputtering, faltering and too weak to put our people back to work." He sees "nothing in the economic outlook to be optimistic about." But Carter's chief economic advisor, Lawrence Klein, heads the Wharton School forecast, and Wharton economists say "the underlying trend in employment is strong." They forecast a drop in unemployment in the final quarter and a 6.5 per cent average unemployment rate next year.

Professor Klein nonetheless wants to stimulate the economy, but he doesn't know how. He is against tax cuts, despite the fact that the average worker's federal tax bite increased by 23.4 per cent in the past year, because tax cuts would make it even harder to finance Mr. Carter's impossibly lavish promises. So he advocates a monetary policy aimed at keeping interest rates "1 per cent lower than otherwise," regardless of how rapidly the money supply might have to be expanded.

Since housing and capital spending are the weak links in the economy, the goal should be to lower long-term interest rates, not short-term rates. But everyone except the Professor knows that long-term rates are dominated by past and expected inflation, and that rapid expansion of the money supply ensures rapid inflation in the future. So pumping up the money supply, in an ultimately futile effort to keep short-term interest rates down, would generate quite accurate expectations of accelerating inflation which would *raise* long-term interest rates on bonds and mortgages. There is no surer way to abort the recovery.

## Russia's Peculiar Preparations

They sink their silos underground,
  Then fill them full of wheat;
Their factories are out of town
  Beside a country-seat.
In cities, when the sirens wail,
  Their fall-out shelters fill,
While liberals like Mondale fret
  About our over-kill.

W. H. VON DREELE

# A Noble Laureate

Milton Friedman has finally been awarded the Nobel Prize in economics. It was, as Robert Heilbroner once observed, a "professional scandal" that Professor Friedman had not received this recognition years ago.

Friedman's first major dent in the smug orthodoxy of postwar economics was to demonstrate that consumption was not rigidly linked to transitory changes in income, as Keynesian policy required, but instead depended on perceptions of permanent income. A later study, with David Meiselman, found that the key relationships in the Keynesian view of the economy were less stable and predictable than those between money and income. And Friedman's magnum opus with Anna Schwartz, *A Monetary History of The United States*, traced every major inflation and recession in the past century to previous gyrations in the supply of money.

*Capitalism and Freedom* appeared in 1962, and offered several original ideas that could accomplish liberal goals more effectively, while also increasing the range of individual choice. Some of these innovations are now quite familiar, including the voucher plan for financing education and the negative income tax as substitute for myriad welfare schemes. And several of Friedman's proposals have already been adopted, at least in part—including the volunteer army, floating exchange rates,

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and the acceptance of Federal Reserve targets for the growth of the money supply.

One Friedman proposal that has not yet been adopted is a limit on the size of government. *Business Week* recently compared the size of various national governments with their economic growth over a decade. Out of 14 nations, Sweden showed the largest public sector and the second slowest growth (second only to Britain). Maybe the Swedes on the Nobel Committee, like the Swedish voters, are beginning to suspect that they have too long neglected the ideas of scholars like (Nobel prize winner) Friedrich Hayek and (Nobel prize winner) Milton Friedman.

## And Now the Scottsboro Nine

Revisionism marches on. Having won, to its satisfaction, the first great battle to prove that the United States was exclusively responsible for the Cold War, revisionism has been mopping up, one by one, the scattered lesser enclaves of the enemy. The "victims of McCarthyism" are born again as tribunes of the people. Alger Hiss destroys his vile accusers with one blow from the magic typewriter. The Rosenberg children are brought out from the shadows of anonymity to proclaim the martyrdom of their parents. The Hollywood Ten, transformed into folk heroes, act their heroic roles on the big and little screens.

Now it is the turn of the Scottsboro Nine, for whom the humble figure of Willie Norris, the sole remaining survivor, must serve as avatar. Once again Willie becomes the puppet of mighty forces beyond his control. Back in the Thirties, he and his eight teenage black companions, charged with the rape of the two white female tramps who were with them in the freight car—all 11 of them—were batted back and forth between the sovereign state of Alabama, determined to enforce a brutal law in a racially biased courtroom, and a global campaign initiated and skilfully guided by the Communist Party. Today, the NAACP is taking the public lead in demanding full pardon and "clearing of the record" for Willie Norris, who has been living since before the war, in technical violation of Alabama parole, in Brooklyn, where he is reported to have kept a steady job, married, and raised two children. Whatever the truth about what happened in that freight car long ago, by now Alabama surely might without loss of authority or dignity simply forgive and forget. But in the process that will precede that probable outcome, revisionism will doubtless rewrite one more section of the history of our time to bring it into accord with the basic plot line of the white knights of social revolution locked in conflict with the infamous brigands of American capitalist-imperialism. We await the sequel to Lillian Hellman's epic that will complete her half-formulated suggestion that perhaps she and her fellows, back in the embattled Thirties, were right after all in approving Stalin's handling of the Moscow Purge Trials because, it can now be known, all those defendants —unlike all the defendants in all the politically provoking trials conducted in the United States—were guilty as charged.

## What Do You Think, Senator Church?

Dear Senator Church:

An organization with its main office in Washington—let us call it Institute X—bears meditating on.

Institute X is of the type that is often called a "think tank." Among its projects has been an annual analysis of the federal budget, prepared for a group of congressmen mostly belonging to the left flank of the Democratic Party, among them Bella Abzug, John Conyers, Ronald Dellums, and Michael Harrington. Through its trustees and fellows, Institute X is linked to such organizations as the National Lawyers Guild, which from your re-

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searches in the intelligence field you will recognize as located rather far out on the Left (you may recall that in the past the Guild was declared by a Senate and a House committee, after lengthy investigation, to be a front for the Communist Party); to the Center for National Security Studies, a determined critic of U.S. weapons and defense policies; and the Organizing Committee for a Fifth Estate, among whose trustees is Philip Agee, the former CIA employee with whose sojourn in Cuba and book revealing the identities of scores of CIA officers, agents, and collaborators you are familiar. Institute X is well supplied with money. Among those assisting in its finances is said to be Samuel Rubin, former chairman of Fabergé. Institute fellows get an average of $26,000 or so a year.

Institute X has an associated organization—it could be termed an affiliate or subsidiary—called the Transnational Institute, with headquarters in the Dutch city of Amsterdam. Transnational is operating with a budget of more than half a million dollars, most of it coming from or through the Institute of Policy Studies. An example from recent Transnational grants will give you an idea of its special interests. One went to a man named Tariq Ali—a Pakistani emigrant to Britain—for the stated purpose of writing a history of the Indian Communist Party. Tariq Ali is well known in Britain for his prominent role in student and related demonstrations, riots, sit-ins, etc. He is the leader of the International Marxist Group (IMG), which is the British section of the Trotskyist "Fourth International." Tariq Ali and the IMG are in the faction of the Fourth International that supports guerrilla and terrorist activities against a rival faction. The IMG magazine, *Red Weekly*, has featured several of Philip Agee's revelations.

The Director of Transnational, by the way, was the late Orlando Letelier, who served in Chile as Salvador Allende's defense minister, whose assassination is now attributed to anti-Castro terrorists.

We do not know whether the Washington-based Institute X has broken any laws of this country. But we would like to put these questions to you, as chairman of the committee that has devoted so much time and effort to the problems of our security, investigative, and intelligence agencies.

Assuming the accuracy of what we have written down, do you think it would be a grave violation of the rights of U.S. citizens if the FBI or CIA or both should undertake a bit of investigating into the operations of the Institute and its associates here and abroad? Would you agree that *if* there is hanky-panky of a sort that might be a threat to our security, an investigation would not be likely to find out much about it without using, well, investigative methods? Assuming that the Institute is wholly innocent of legal wrongdoing, as it may well be, would you agree with us that an investigation that followed up its connections abroad might conceivably have a chance in that exceedingly difficult task of unearthing valuable information, unknown to Institute X, bearing on international operations of subversive and terrorist groups?

Institute X is the Institute for Policy Studies. You will find it in the Washington phone book. We wonder whether there is any trace of it in your files?

# The Pursuit of Ethnic Symmetry

The police department of Dallas has announced it is giving up on a five-year, $300,000 program to hire minority-group members—i.e., blacks and Chicanos—in equal numbers with whites. The non-whites simply are not applying in anything like the desired numbers, and of those who are hired many are soon lured away by better jobs.

Several inferences might be drawn: 1) The racism of our society runs so deep that it is impossible to extirpate it even with a comprehensive and determined effort, because the victims have internalized invidious stereotypes about themselves; or, 2) Given the crime rate among blacks and Chicanos, it is comically inappropriate to go recruiting crime-fighters among them; or, 3) The Dallas police should embark on a ten-year, $600,000 program —they must not be trying hard enough.

Or, better yet, 4) The ethnic "divisions" of mankind are really cohesives, and it is foolish to expect groups united internally by very different cultural affections to exhibit identical spontaneous inclinations to engage in any given activity or profession. New York cops tend to be Irish because New York Irishmen tend to be cops.

Peterson, *Vancouver Sun* Rothco


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That does not mean that Jews are excluded. (Or, if they are, that such exclusion is the principal reason for the imbalance.) That blacks and Chicanos have suffered discrimination does not mean that with the removal of discrimination their behavior patterns will be identical with those of other groups; how could they, when those groups differ so sharply among themselves? To expect—indeed, require—identical performance among various social clusters of men is implicitly to derogate cultural and racial kinships by suggesting that their influence is essentially negative. That is a position available only to those who are willing to go all the way, and denounce batting averages as racist when black ballplayers are clustered among the league leaders.

# Economic Education

The Advertising Council is spending some $2.5 million, including a little federal money, to produce a twenty-page primer on the *American Economic System*. It is a slick ad campaign, complete with "Peanuts" cartoons, but the message absolves government of any responsibility for any economic problem.

The cast includes producers "who seek the best income," and governments "which seek to promote the safety and welfare of the public." With the villains and heroes so neatly categorized, it is little wonder that government's role is wholly positive: "Providing goods and services in the interests of all of us," "promotion of economic growth and stabilization," and so on. Even competition seems to flow from the government, presumably through the many agencies that fix prices. Why is government so big? "With a growing population we have come to expect many more activities from every level of government." This seems to suggest that increases in government spending and employment have just kept pace with increases in population, which is quite untrue.

Some families have higher incomes than others, and the Ad Council pamphlet explains this as due entirely to years in school and "differences in race and sex." Other differences are worth mentioning. Of families earning less than $5,000 in 1974, 64 per cent were headed by persons either under age 34 or over 65, 45 per cent had no family member earning any income, and 56 per cent had only two family members. Of those families earning over $50,000, only 15 per cent were under age 34 or over 65, 70 per cent had two or more people employed, and 72 per cent had three or more family members. So, experienced workers earn more than novices or the retired, and large families with several workers earn more than small families with no workers. There is nothing especially scandalous about that.

The Ad Council rules out the possibility of reducing welfare or increasing private efforts in this area: "Are we doing enough to improve the lot of the disadvantaged? How can government efforts in this area be made more effective?"

Finally, we are told that "Inflation has at least three basic causes. When consumers, businesses, and governments spend too heavily on available goods and services, this high demand can force prices up. If costs of production rise and producers try to maintain profit levels, prices must increase. The lack of competition between producers can also contribute to inflation." But these are not really basic causes at all. What makes "demand" and "costs" go up, down, or sideways? Why did a "lack of competition" cause ten times more inflation in 1974 than in 1964?

The basic causes of persistent inflation are fiscal and monetary policies, yet the Ad Council book implies that such policies are entirely enlightened and helpful. "Federal spending can be increased to keep overall demand at a high level," says the pamphlet, as though financing such spending through taxes and borrowing did not reduce private demand. And Federal Reserve actions "directly influence interest rates," but not prices.

Portions of the Ad Council's primer are quite competent, particularly the discussions of capital formation, opportunity cost, and exchange rates. As is so often the case, however, businessmen's urge to educate the public about economics tells us more about the need to educate businessmen.

# Report from Castro

On September 28 Fidel Castro addressed several hundred thousand of his countrymen gathered in Havana's Revolution Square. The topic of his speech, which lasted two hours, was Cuba's economic situation and prospects. It is a tribute to Castro's remarkable eloquence or perhaps to something in the Cuban atmosphere that everyone stayed through to the end.

The Cuban press is stingy about economic data, and the statistics he gave his audience must have come as something of a surprise even in Cuba. However, Castro is not running for re-election.

Castro predicted that the rate of Cuba's development was going to be slowed, its trade with Western nations reduced, and its economic dependence on Communist, in particular Soviet, aid increased. "Without the support of the Communist bloc and the Soviet Union," he stated, "I don't know how a country like ours would be able to solve its problems." He said that the Soviet Union was at present paying five times the world market price for Cuba's chief export, sugar; was supplying Cuba with all its oil, coal, and wheat (yes, "wheat" is what he said) at lower than market price; and was giving aid to Cuba's electrical, engineering, and metallurgical industries. He indicated that Cuba intended to increase trade with the Soviet Union at least through the rest of this century.

In 1958, the year before Castro took power, 85 per cent of Cuba's foreign trade was with the West, less than 1 per cent with the Communist bloc. In 1974, 52 per cent was with the Communist bloc, 20 per cent with the

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West. Castro added that because of the lack of convertible currency, the proportion of trade with the West might fall still further.

Castro did not give the figures on export of Cuban troops, and made no comment on whether it would be accurate to say that Cuba is dominated by the Soviet Union.

## Campus Barometer Rising

From a liberal-to-left perspective, the college campus this fall appears "apathetic"—a code word. Literally, "apathetic" means "without feeling," but as currently applied that is not what apathetic means at all. Feeling in great variety surely flourishes. Translated, the code word means "not interested in radical politics."

Clearly this represents a drastic change within the space of about five or six years. Vanished like a morning mist is the academic scene of only a few years ago. Where has Angela Davis gone, where have David Dellinger, Herbert Marcuse, and all the poisonous flowers gone? Where is the acid rock, and where, indeed, is the acid, of yesteryear?

Now, in the autumn of 1976, it is as if a huge but invisible impresario had shifted all the actors and provided a new script. First of all, the Good Time has returned. On Saturday afternoons, in countless stadiums across the country, the crowd rises to its feet and in the moment before the band plays "The Star Spangled Banner" there occurs a breathless silence, broken only perhaps by the crash of a whisky flask to the concrete. Normalcy has returned.

Not long ago, serious theorists held that the college campus possessed the potential for being a genuinely revolutionary epicenter. This year, however, a reliable poll of the undergraduates at Dartmouth College showed them favoring Ford over Carter 57 to 34 per cent. The same poll indicated that 80 per cent will vote (that is, practically everyone 18 or over), and that only 7 per cent remain undecided. Dartmouth draws from the same applicant pool, essentially, as the rest of the Ivy League and other first rank colleges; there is no reason to believe that these poll figures are wildly aberrant. Though observation leads to the conclusion that such students are in no danger of mistaking either Ford or Carter for Pericles, nevertheless the poll figures do not exactly indicate "apathy" either.

Academically, reports from all quarters turn out to be mostly favorable. No great renaissance of intellect seems to be in the offing, though one can never be sure, but at least serious academic work appears to be on the increase among students and faculty alike.

No doubt the reasons for this change are various, but the most prominent of them must be the end of the Vietnam War and especially the end of the military draft. All through the Sixties, the draft was a capricious thing, a menace waiting just beyond graduation, taking some but not others, making career plans difficult, and forcing draft dodgers into graduate study and school-teaching posts they did not really desire. By the end of the Sixties, the war itself had become widely perceived as an absurdity—a war of attrition we would not win and seemingly could not end. All the rest followed with psychological inevitability, from the "generation gap" and pseudo-radical politics to the drug culture and the Che Guevara posters. This essentially phony role-playing had a destructive impact upon intellectual activity and the academic life of the campus. Little thought or analysis were required for those wishing to yell "fascist pig" and "right on."

As the fall term now unfolds, it is as if all this had never occurred. Serious intellectual work goes forward in an atmosphere of calm. At the major institutions, a permanent teaching post requires substantial academic accomplishment, and therefore the screamers of the Sixties, if they have managed to remain in academia at all, survive mostly in the academic backwaters: "*All these upwhirled aloft/Fly o'er the backside of the world far off/Into a Limbo large and broad, since call'd/The Paradise of Fools.*"

## Chiang Ching, RIP

(*A contribution to the Hsinhua News Agency*)

The late Chiang Ching, who died last week in a spasm of remorse for her activities as a Capitalist-Roader, was of course the wife of Chairman Mao. During the early years she studied the thought of Chairman Mao and was sustained by it, and served the purposes of the people's revolution. Scientific evidence, however, establishes that in the later period she sought to destabilize the People's Republic as when, attending the ballet in Shanghai in 1965, she detected traces of revisionism, triggering the Great Cultural Revolution. Now, that Revolution was represented as seeking to purify the institutions based on Chairman Mao's thought. In fact, it was an attempt to advance the fortunes of the counter-revolutionary cadre which, affecting loyalty to Chairman Mao, was actually conspiring with Lin Piao to dilute the thought of Chairman Mao, inducing revisionism, infantilism, and running doggism. When Chairman Mao became ill, Chiang Ching brought him a copy of the *Thoughts of Chairman Mao* to bring him back to good health, knowing full well that the thoughts of Chairman Mao are only to be read after acupuncture. During the chairman's final hours, Chiang Ching nagged him by suggesting that Capitalist-Roader Mozart's Requiem should be played at his funeral. On being apprehended a month ago, Chiang Ching confessed to her crimes against the state, and was sentenced to play a role in the "Red Detachment of Women" until further notice. Her death, however unexpected, was welcome, as witness the elation of the Chinese People.


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# Notes & Asides

■ Dear Bill:

I hate to let facts stand in the way of a good story but your NATIONAL REVIEW item, page 988, in "The Week" section that the Associated Press "covered up" the scuffle between Billy Carter and a photographer is nonsense. Attached is the story.

A moment's thought by the writer that it would be silly not to have a story that we covered photographically should have been a warning. Or, another sixty seconds to call and check if such a story had been run might have lent more credibility to NATIONAL REVIEW. But if you had done that you would not have had the item, would you?

I suspect there probably will be more in the coming campaign but we would be glad to make the research easy for you. All you need do is call Executive Editor Lou Boccardi.

Wes Gallagher
President, Associated Press

Dear Wes: Our apologies. Cordially, Bill

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

In a footnote on pages 73 and 74 of a little paperback entitled *The Rockefeller File* by Gary Allen, I have just read that you are a member of the satanic Council on Foreign Relations.

If this be not true please deny the statement that was made by Mr. Allen. But if it be true please cancel my subscription to NATIONAL REVIEW immediately. I shall destroy the copies I have carefully filed, even rereading them because I trusted you!

Yours truly,
E. M. Scorpio
Johnston, R.I.

Dear Mr. Scorpio: That's not enough! 1) Take mustard with lukewarm water, and swallow one pint! 2) Then call exorcist. 3) Then throw yourself down nearest Memory Hole! Don't just *stand* there! Move. WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Re letter from Francis Papenfuss (Oct. 15 issue), page 1109:

Mr. Papenfuss' piranha may or may not have good taste, but he certainly has bad grammar. Surely WFB knows that piranhas eat whoms, not whos.

Sincerely,
Tom Wendel
Professor of History, San Jose University

■ To the Editor:

One should on occasion slap down the superficial references that masquerade for learning and attempt to be witty; my rule, now, is one in three. In your case: Your anonymous sub-editor in writing "Random Books" in your October 15 issue says: "Surely Swanberg's describing Norman Thomas as the 'last idealist' is as infelicitous as Daniel Bell's writing in the early Sixties of the 'end of ideology.' "

*Surely*, if your writer were better informed he would know:

1) the occasion was not the early Sixties but the late Fifties: the book was published in 1960.

2) the sub-title which identified the context was: "On the Exhaustion of Political Ideas in the 1950s."

3) the last chapter said that intellectuals would always hunger for ideology and were engaged, at the time, in a desperate search to satisfy that craving.

4) that new ideologies would emerge in the next decade but that they would no longer be the universalistic, humanistic ideologies of European thought from the nineteenth century, but the parochial, rancorous ideologies of the emerging new nations of Africa and Asia.

I write from London and do not have a copy at hand for the exact page citations. But as a penance your writer might like to consult a copy and check the pages for himself. Writers for journals that are still (somewhat) ideological should have either more humility or scholarship.

Yours truly
Daniel Bell

Dear Danny: You should have called your book, *The Putative End of Ideology*, and protected yourself against the sciolists. Cordially, Bill

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

On Columbus Day, Senator Mondale spoke to the crowds on a street in New York. He said that he had just been in the hospital to visit his good friend Senator Humphrey. He added, "I found him in good spirits, just dying to get into action."

Hal E. Seagraves
Lyme, New Hampshire

■ Dear *NR*:

"A newspaper reports that three tons of marijuana was found in a ship docked at Los Angeles. What is its mass in kilograms?" (Exercise 22, Chapter 4 of *Physics*, by Paul A. Tipler, Worth, 1976, p. 108.)

*Now* we know the difference between Classical and Modern physics.

Cordially,
Robert P. Wenson
Class of 1977
Amherst College
**—WFB**

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POLITICS '76

# Politics and Morality

JAMES BURNHAM

JIMMY CARTER has repeatedly numbered Reinhold Niebuhr among the thinkers who have most influenced his intellectual development. About this, however, as about much else, he has not become specific.

And perhaps it is the man rather than the writer and thinker that Carter has in mind. Niebuhr was a Protestant minister and theologian of the neo-Lutheran tendency that arose in Europe early in this century. He also became something of a political activist. The positions Niebuhr took on domestic affairs were usually liberal, although ideologically he had little in common with standard American liberalism. He sometimes called his political outlook "Christian realism," and once defined politics as "the sad art of establishing justice in a sinful world."

Carter has often quoted this definition, and it seems plausible that he should find Niebuhr's role as spiritually orthodox Protestant divine combined with humane social activist a sympathetic persona. It is not so easy to harmonize Carter's intellectual principles, as these have been given public expression, with Niebuhr's.

It is a primary theme of Carter's that government ought to be moral. "You discover other words like *honesty*, *integrity*, *fairness*, *liberty*, *justice*, *courage*, *patriotism*, *compassion*, *love*—and many others which describe what a human being ought to be. These are the same words which describe what a government of human beings ought to be." (From Carter's *Why Not the Best?*) In scores of campaign speeches this year, Carter has told his audiences: "I want a government as good and honest and decent and truthful and fair and competent and idealistic and compassionate, and as filled with love as are the American people," a government as open and trustworthy in its relations with the people as members of a loving family with each other. Similarly in foreign policy, our relations with other nations should be based on moral standards, not on pragmatic considerations of power and expediency. Abroad as at home, our government must stand for goodness, decency, compassion, idealism, trust.

## *Between the Idea and the Act*

Among Niebuhr's serious writings, the book that bears most directly on the philosophic and moral problems of politics and statecraft is *Moral Man and Immoral Society*, published in 1932. Its thesis, tracing back to Machiavelli and thence to St. Augustine, is, as the title indicates, pretty much the opposite of Carter's. Niebuhr argues that governments and nations do not and cannot behave according to the same moral principles and ideals that guide, or should guide, personal conduct. This incommensurability has both metaphysical and psychological roots. Nations and governments are collective entities, differing in structure and essence from individuals. Human beings acting within the collective structure are subject to psychological impulses differing in kind and degree from those that motivate conduct on a personal level.

An obvious example is war. In personal conduct, the moral imperative, "Thou shalt not kill!" holds universally or nearly so. But nations must kill in war; in a just war it becomes, even, the moral duty of the citizens, or of some citizens, to kill; immorality for man the individual becomes moral for social man. Capital punishment and killing by police in certain criminal encounters exhibit the same sort of dialectical contradiction. It is also present, if less striking, in many routine situations: The state must use coercion, even by force, in ways that would be intolerable in personal relations. For the general safety, the state must keep many facts secret. In relations with foreign states, its representatives may have not only to conceal the truth but to lie, and must use methods to gain essential information that would be crimes in personal conduct. The state must sometimes shut its ears to the claims of hunger and disease, abandon or even betray an ally.

The disguised or open "brutal character of the behavior of all human collectives," Niebuhr states, and "the power of self-interest and collective egoism in all inter-group relations" are not temporary manifestations, but consequences of the nature of both human beings and the collective structures.

Carter's goal of a good, honest, decent, truthful, idealistic, compassionate, love-filled government could never be derived from Niebuhr. Carter apparently does not understand that when Niebuhr spoke of politics as "the sad art of establishing justice in a sinful world," he meant that a modest measure of justice—the distinctively social virtue—is the maximum moral achievement we can expect of the very best government, and that all those personal virtues in his list are impossible and irrelevant.

## *Danger Ahead*

And not only irrelevant and impossible: dangerous, too, if we really believe they "describe what a government of human beings ought to be." Because these terms are politically meaningless but highly charged emotionally, their use interferes with the prudent determination of public policy. They lend themselves to deception and self-deception: "compassion" becomes a cover for Medicaid frauds, food stamp ripoffs, and the breakdown of juridical order; "love" becomes a cult of the leader; openness and "truth" can be a slogan for destroying your opponents or sabotaging governmental process.

In foreign policy the Carterian virtues are a manifest absurdity. If a nation must steer clear of all but loving, compassionate, truthful, etc. other nations, it is going to be terribly lonely.

More ominous: the utopian—Manichean, really—call for a politics of moral perfection slips easily into a politics of crusades and fanaticism. Since our political goal is not mere human justice but the Good, we must flay the evil ones at home and abroad who put obstacles in our path. They are thwarting our loving, compassionate, decent, truthful, idealistic program? Let them find out (it was Mussolini who once put it this way) that love, too, can be stern.

Probably Carter's government-is-love talk is only sentimentality plus demagogy. Reinhold Niebuhr would have hoped so. □

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JIMMY CARTER'S CHRISTIAN SOCIALISM

*Arthur Schlesinger and Co. had their doubts about Mr. Carter. How could they vote for a man who openly states his belief in God? Ever since his nomination, Mr. Carter has been showing them that he also believes in unlimited government*

# The Light at The End of the Tunnel of Love

CLARE BOOTHE LUCE

A FEW WEEKS AGO, Mr. Arthur Schlesinger Jr. wrote a lengthy article in the *Wall Street Journal* called "What We Want from the Debates." In it he posed a score of questions on domestic and foreign policy, which neither candidate had answered to Mr. Schlesinger's satisfaction.

Mr. Schlesinger is one of America's most distinguished and influential "intellectuals"—a term accepted in all the remaining democracies as an elegant, if somewhat self-serving, euphemism for men of the political Left. To be more explicit, the intellectuals are those members of Academe, the media, the professions, and the government career jobs, who believe in the dominant myth of our century—socialism. Since the explosion in "the knowledge industry," they have come to number in the millions.

What Mr. Schlesinger and all his fellow intellectuals wanted to learn from the debates can be put in a sentence: *Is Mr. Carter, or is he not, an anti-intellectual*?

This is a pejorative term of the intellectuals for a middle-class conservative. Or, again to be more precise, an "anti-intellectual" is a person—regardless of his IQ or educational background—who believes in the values of the traditional Family-Church-Protestant-work-ethic-free-enterprise-oriented society. Politically, the middle-class conservative upholds not only the historic American concept of "this Nation *under God*," but of "a free people under a limited government."

This nexus of "bourgeois beliefs" is totally incompatible with the socialist vision of the great American—and world—society of the future.

The socialist vision of the utopia that will come into being when the last bourgeois conservative has bit the dust has never been more beautifully described than it was 156 years ago by P. B. Shelley, the young British poet of the Enlightenment, in *Prometheus Unbound*.

Fifty years later, in *Das Kapital*, Karl Marx worked this poetic and romantic flight of fancy over into a political blueprint for an egalitarian utopia, and *Das Kapital* became the socialist Bible for a new secular religion which would posit man as the measure of all things.

## *The Disbelievers*

Marx "scientifically" proved that the systematized acquisition of private property, or capitalism (aided and abetted by the Church, "the opium of the people"), is the historical cause of all mankind's sins and woes—slavery, crime, ignorance, poverty, alienation, class, sex and race conflict, and war. The abolition of private property would remove the main obstacle to the perfectibility of man and his society. And to those two inevitabilities in human affairs, death and taxes, Marx added a third—socialism.

Much was made during the primaries, and is still being made at this writing, of Mr. Carter's "enigmatic" and ambiguous approaches to the political issues. But his "now-you-see-me-as-a-liberal-and-now-you-don't" campaign technique is not what initially caused concern to the intellectuals. As the McGovern debacle proved, a certain "constructive ambiguity"—at the rhetorical level—is necessary to hold together a Democratic coalition strong enough to take the White House.

What rang a four-alarm bell among the intellectuals in the early days of the primaries, and is still tintinnabulating faintly in their consciousnesses, was Mr. Carter's ebullient, unabashed, and quite *unambiguous* testimonials to "an experience of God" (My God!), and his calm confidence in his own evangelical Christian mission to institute a reign of truth, decency, morality, and love (yes, love!) in *Washington*.

The intellectuals are themselves men of infinite faith in the ultimate "reign of love." But any intellectual worthy of his PhD—or qualified to write a syndicated column—*knows* that it cannot come to pass until men abandon their superstitious belief in any Intelligence higher than that of the intellectuals.

And, last spring, here they were, faced with a man seeking the nomination of the Democratic Party, their Chosen Instrument, who was plainly not spaced out, but who claimed that he *prays* (on his *knees*?) 25 times a day, and who proudly described himself as a "born-again Christian Baptist Sunday School teacher deacon." By all the canons of the socialist book, Democrat or not, someone who talked in that vein *had* to be a bourgeois conservative.

Mr. Schlesinger promptly wrote a long, passionate (and historically inaccurate) article for the *Wall Street*

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*Journal*, claiming that none of our great Presidents had ever so far forgotten the Constitution's provisions on the separation of Church and State as to air his private religious convictions on the hustings. And he strongly suggested that Mr. Carter's indecent exposure of his gratifying relation with Christ disqualified him for the White House experience.

The delicious irony of Mr. Carter's subsequent holy progress to the nomination (and mayhap to the White House) seems to have escaped the intellectuals. They themselves had made old-fashioned bourgeois morality the central issue of the '76 presidential campaign.

It should hardly have come as a surprise to the intellectuals, who had outdone themselves turning the Vietnam War into a morality play, waving the bloody tapes, and fingering the sinners in Washington officialdom, when the Democratic candidate who grabbed the overheated morality issue and ran with it turned out to be an authentic son of the Bible Belt, with impeccable moral credentials, who promised, if elected, to "institutionalize virtue" in his very own person.

## *The Ruthless Moralist*

The consternation that this initially caused among the liberals was not altogether composed by examination of the Carter political record. In 1968, he had made his first try for the governorship of Georgia as a moderate liberal —and was defeated. He won his four-year term in 1970 as a conservative, but once elected, switched back to a liberal stance. "He ran a racist campaign," a former Carter staffer said, "and then turned around and kicked the people who elected him in the teeth." He then tried, at the 1972 Democratic Convention, to persuade McGovern to run him for Vice President as a Southern liberal-centrist. But after the McGovern debacle, when he decided to seek the 1976 presidential nomination, he once again opted to present himself in the primaries as a conservative-centrist, and a populist, representing the interests of the great, neglected, middle classes of the country.

Before the New Hampshire elections, James Wooten of the *New York Times* wrote, "He is a candidate of a thousand impressions—a liberal, a moderate liberal, a conservative moderate, an ambidexterous centrist, a man for all seasons, the peanut farmer who made the best-dressed list." Even as late as the week after his nomination, a member of the Democratic platform committee said, "We don't know what we have bought." What they had bought was what Carter had been sedulously selling: himself—Jimmy Carter, the utopian moralist, who would give America a government "as decent . . . as compassionate . . . as filled with love as our people are." The incarnation of America.

Commenting on the Convention that had nominated Carter, Bill Moyers said, "I have never seen such a combination of religion, politics, and manipulative techniques. . . . What the delegates wanted is a priest, not a politician." The significance—and danger—of Jimmy Carter is that he could be *both* in the Presidency, and that both are what millions of people are yearning for in America's hour of moral and political confusion.

There is no doubt that the City of God is as real to Carter as the City of Man is to the intellectuals. And there is also little doubt that he thinks he *knows* God's will, and that it is that Jimmy Carter should be President. "This nation under God" means to him, "This nation under Jimmy Carter." "He has this great feeling within him," one of his aides says, "that he *embodies* the American people."

The record also shows that he is tough, tireless, and aggressive in the single-pointed pursuit of God's will (as Jimmy Carter sees it). His mother, Miz Lillian, says of him, "I hate to use the word ruthless, but Jimmy's going to win or bust. He'll go through hell to get what he wants."

But he is also, as a matter of moral principle, flexible about political principles. Carter sees no contradiction between his record of political inconsistency, evasiveness, and constantly shifting courses from Right to Left, and his campaign boast that "I never make a misleading statement, I never tell a lie, I never betray a trust." If it is God's will that he should reach the White House by straddling issues, then so be it.

When he is criticized for "waffling" and "flip-flopping," Carter will smilingly quote Reinhold Niebuhr, the Presbyterian theologian—"You can't establish Justice in a sinful world unless you win elections." In a less pious character, this would be called calculated cunning, or more pleasantly, "political realism." But whatever it is, his most recent change of course is the light at the end of the Carter Tunnel of Love to the intellectuals.

For the conservative Carter of the early primaries is now rapidly gaining credibility, and will probably earn his credentials as an "intellectual" and as an all-out liberal, apart, of course, from his Biblical "hang-up," which, the intellectuals now opine, will wear off in the White House.

## *The First Coming*

But what if it doesn't? What if Carter proves to be not only a man of the political Left—a believer in the economic nostrums of socialism under unlimited government—but also a religious reformer who—in his own words—sees political and social programs "as an extension of the Gospel—problem solving combined with Christian charity?"

What happens then is the coming of Christian Socialism to America.

The fusing of Christian doctrine with political power in the name of morality and social justice is not a new phenomenon in our century. The Christian Socialists and religious activists in Italy and Germany were the earliest supporters of Mussolini's and Hitler's National Socialism. In the 1920s, German and Italian Protestants and Catholics *wanted* to believe that one man, given enough political power, could restore both morality and prosperity to their unhappy countries. What they got, in the end, was something horrendously different.

I do not for a moment suggest that Mr. Carter is even a potential dictator, much less a dictator of the monstrous stripe of Hitler or Mussolini. What I do say is that a religious leader should be a religious leader, and a political leader should be a political leader, and that whoever has attempted to combine these roles has—throughout history—failed badly at one or the other, and usually both.

Which leads to the thing that troubles me most about Mr. Carter: his "substantial escalation" in his "experience of Christ" is, alas, no substitute for that substantial experience of government and wide knowledge of domestic and world affairs that America now so sorely needs. □


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THE RUNDOWN

# HOW WILL THE GOOD GUYS FARE IN '76?

In a season of lost opportunities, conservatives are hunkering down to salvage what they can from Senate, House, and gubernatorial races and hoping for a better morrow.

The prospects, even here, are not impressive. Conservative plans for electoral progress remain connected for the most part to the Republican Party, and the GOP continues to exhibit all the manly vigor of a pre-Raphaelite sodality. By conventional standards, this should be the year the party makes some sort of comeback from the Watergate fiasco, but signs of this are seldom evident. Republicans have a chance to make some random pick-ups, but present readings are that any such advances will be offset by equal and opposite defeats.

Needless to remark, the GOP needs something better than a stand-off. It entered this election year down 6 to 4 in the U.S. Senate, 2 to 1 in the House of Representatives, and almost 3 to 1 in the nation's statehouses. If it goes out the same way, in a time suffused with conservative feeling, doubts about its survivability will properly intensify—especially if Gerald Ford contrives to lose his fumbling match with Jimmy Carter.

Assuming a wash November 2, the most likely outcome from a Republican standpoint will be to accelerate the westward power shift within the party. The incumbent Senate seats the GOP is most in danger of losing, for instance, are in the North and East. Those it has the greatest opportunity of taking away from the Democrats are in the Middle West and, most conspicuously, the West. (The outlook in the South, long an object of Republican striving, is clouded by the presumptive appeal of Carter.) If the GOP hangs on in this election, or marginally improves its status, it is likely to do so in the Reagan country of Rocky Mountains and Pacific Coast.

This likelihood is something other than coincidence—though the luck of the draw in determining which Senate seats come up for election has played a role. The Reaganization of the party has been the most notable feature of this campaign year, and has had its impact in the winnowing out of candidates. Political activists excited by the Reagan effort have in many cases gone on to run for public office in their own right, and have done so chiefly in the Reagan outposts of the West. The GOP outlook is brightest, therefore, precisely where the Reagan appeal was strongest.

## The Northeast

Even so, there are occasional high spots for conservative voters in the Northeast section of the country. One of these is the third-term gubernatorial bid of Meldrim Thomson in **New Hampshire**. Thomson is a down-the-line conservative (and early Reaganite) who has steadily built his popular base by opposing enactment of statewide taxes. The liberals are always out to get him, and their ability to do so should never be entirely discounted. Nonetheless, his anti-tax position should stand him in good stead.

Elsewhere in New England, conservative hopes are slight to nonexistent. Democratic Senator Edmund Muskie is strongly favored in the state of **Maine**, as are liberal Republican Senators Lowell Weicker in **Connecticut** and Robert Stafford in **Vermont**. **Rhode Island**'s Senate contest between Democratic newcomer Richard Lorber and liberal Republican former Governor John Chafee offers nothing of discernible interest to conservatives. Teddy Kennedy, meantime, may not be able to walk on water, but is expected to perambulate to easy re-relection in **Massachusetts**.

Here and there in New England, there are chances for affirmative action in the House of Representatives. The GOP is hoping congressional candidate Arthur Mason can turn out everybody's favorite radic-lib priest-legislator, Father Robert Drinan, in **Massachusetts**' 4th District. In **Connecticut**'s 1st District (Hartford) GOPer Lucian DeFazio is said to be making headway against liberal Democrat Bill Cotter. Republican Tim Upson is challenging Representative Tony Moffett, who sports a zero rating from the American Conservative Union, in the 6th Connecticut CD.

The big casino for conservatives in the East is the re-election bid of Senator James L. Buckley of **New York**. Concluding an exemplary first term in the upper chamber, Buckley faces a vigorous challenge from former UN Ambassador Daniel P. Moynihan. Recent polls have it extremely close. Congressional races of interest pit Conservative–Republican Peter Cohalan against freshman Representative Thomas Downey in the 2nd District, Bruce Caputo against liberal Democrat Edward Meyer in the 23rd, David Hicks against Richard Ottinger in the 24th, and William Harter against Matthew McHugh in the 27th. Spotlighted races featuring GOP incumbents include the contest between Representative John Wydler and former ADA chairman Allard K. Lowenstein (5th District), and the re-election effort of national conservative spokesman Jack Kemp (38th).

**New Jersey**'s liberal-labor Senator Harrison Williams is



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favored for re-election, but the state does offer certain opportunities for conservative improvement. One such is the candidacy of Republican Jim Sheehan in the 7th District (Bergen County) against liberal Democrat Andy Maguire (another zero from ACU). Conservative activist Charles Wiley is challenging Democratic liberal Edward Patten in the 15th District (Middlesex), and GOPer Harold Hollenbeck is given an excellent chance to oust the scandal-plagued incumbent, Henry Helstoski, in the 9th (Bergen and Hudson).

**Delaware**'s moderate conservative senator, William Roth, is supposed to be an odds-on favorite for re-election, and the GOP is said to have a decent chance of winning the statehouse with Representative Pierre "Pete" du Pont. Up the road in **Pennsylvania**, the outlook is less favorable. Liberal GOP Senator Hugh Scott is retiring, and Republican Senate candidate John Heinz III is waging an uphill battle against Representative William Green. Conservative challengers in the House include Terrance Shade (3rd District), Ted Humes (12th), Robert Walker (16th), Robert Casey (18th), Robert Miller (21st), and Roger Fischer (22nd). Top-flight conservative incumbents Richard Schulze (5th), Bud Shuster (9th), and William Goodling (19th), will all return, while conservatives Albert Johnson (23rd) and Gary Myers (25th) are facing serious competition.

No major congressional changes are expected in **West Virginia**, where principal interest is focused on the gubernatorial race of Democrat Jay Rockefeller. **Maryland**, however, presents the somber prospect of another Republican Senate loss. GOPer Glenn Beall, whose votes have trended steadily leftward, is widely believed to be trailing Democratic challenger Paul Sarbanes, though independent candidate Bruce Bradley could skew the results of this one. In the House, the outlook is appreciably better. Conservative Republicans Robert Bauman (Eastern Shore) and Marjorie Holt (Annapolis) should be returned, while conservative candidate John Burcham has a respectable shot at liberal Democratic Representative Gladys Spellman (Prince Georges County).

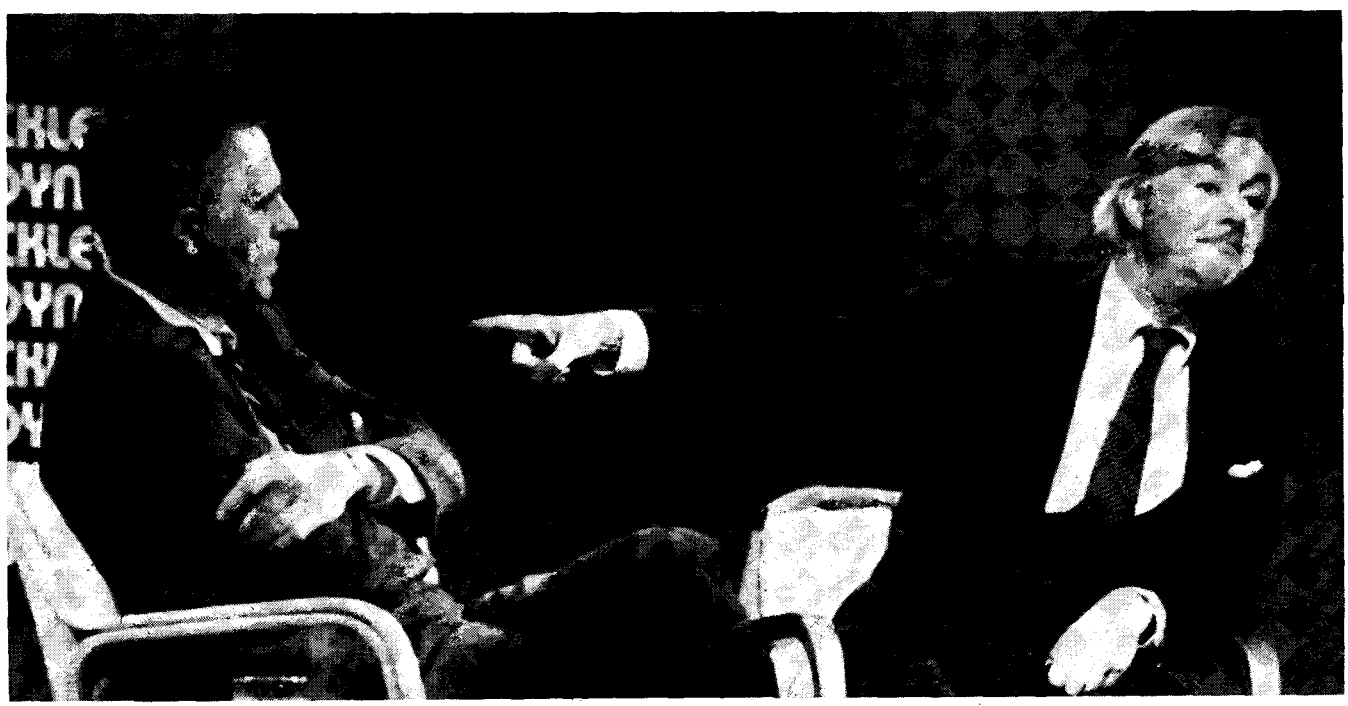
## The Midwest

Republican hopes in Middle America are high, though the ideological implications of GOP success are dubious. The party has sunk so low in such once-Republican bastions as Indiana, Iowa, and Wisconsin that it has no place to go but up. It should convert a couple of Senate seats in the region, and could with a minimum of luck come up with an additional dozen seats or so in the House of Representatives.

In **Ohio**, moderate Republican Senator Robert A. Taft Jr. faces liberal Democrat Howard Metzenbaum, himself a former senator. Conventional wisdom has it that the Taft name and Ohio tradition will prevail. In the House races, standout conservatives Donald Clancy (2nd District), Samuel Devine (12th), and John Ashbrook (17th) are threatened and need all the help they can get. Possible take-aways from the Democrats include the 9th District, where Carleton Finkbeiner opposes Thomas Ludlow Ashley, and the 19th, where former Youngstown Mayor Jack Hunter goes after Charles Carney. In the neighboring 18th, independent William Crabbe is accounted the favorite for Wayne Hays' vacated House seat.

Republicans have notions of acquiring the Senate seat of retiring **Michigan** Democrat Philip Hart, but the choices in this one aren't particularly appetizing. The race is a Ripon Society special, featuring liberal GOPer Marvin Esch against Democrat Don Riegle, a *former* liberal GOPer. Possible conservative winners in the House include Cliff Taylor, who is challenging liberal Democrat Robert Carr in the 6th District (East Lansing) and E. Brady Denton, who opposes liberal Republican Robert Traxler in the 8th (Saginaw).

**Indiana** is long overdue for a Republican Senate victory (it hasn't had one since 1956), though maverick Democrat Vance Hartke has fooled the experts many times before. His opponent is former Indianapolis Mayor Richard Lugar, another favorite of the Ripon Society, so conservative benefit from this particular contest will be minimal either way.



**Prof. Moynihan feels he has scored a point against incumbent James Buckley in the first of their statewide N.Y. debates.**



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GOP Governor Otis Bowen is said to be a shoo-in for re-election, and conservatives have hopes of replacing a clutch of congressional liberals with Dan Quayle (4th District), David Crane (6th), Belden Bell (8th), and Bill Frazier (10th).

Yet another moderate Republican thought to be a prohibitive favorite is **Illinois** gubernatorial candidate James Thompson, former federal prosecutor, who opposes Daley-Democrat Michael Howlett. There is no Senate race, but conservative GOPers Ron Buikema (3rd District) and Tom Corcoran (15th) are said to be gaining in their challenges to liberal incumbents. Republican Sam Young has an uphill battle against Abner Mikva on the North shore of Chicago. National conservative leader Phil Crane is favored in the 12th District, as are Republican Bob Michel (18th District), Ed Derwinski (4th), Henry Hyde (6th), and George O'Brien (17th).

Also favored for re-election is youthful conservative Robert Kasten of **Wisconsin**'s 9th CD (Milwaukee suburbs). Still a freshman, Kasten has impressed observers in the Capital with his capacity for leadership. Former Representative Harold Froehlich is making a comeback effort against liberal Democratic Robert Cornell (8th District), and Dr. Adolf Gundersen has mounted a lively challenge to Alvin Baldus (3rd). Senator William Proximire is considered a lock-on re-election, as is liberal totem Hubert Humphrey next door in **Minnesota**. Conservatives have hopes, however, of replacing liberal Democrat Richard Nolan, of Minnesota's 6th District, with Republican Jim Anderson.

Republicans have hit rock-bottom in the state of **Iowa**, with only marginal chances of bouncing back. Possible pick-ups this time around include the 5th District, where staunch conservative Ken Fulk opposes Democrat Tom Harkin, and the 2nd, where Republican Tom Riley goes after liberal incumbent Michael Blouin. Iowa's lone Republican congressman, Chuck Grassley, is favored for re-election in the 3rd Congressional District.

**Missouri** rivals Indiana as this year's Republican sure thing, with equally doubtful implications. GOP Attorney General John Danforth, a liberal on most issues, is expected to score an easy victory over former Governor Warren Hearnes. Democratic prospects were damaged by the failure of James Symington to run well in the primary, and the plane crash death of Representative Jerry Litton, the primary winner, on the night of his triumph. Republicans of more conservative stripe are given chances of victory in the 2nd District (Robert Snyder), 3rd (Joe Badarraco), 4th (Richard King), and 9th (Joe Frappier). The 6th District provides a pleasant anomaly in that both candidates—Republican Tom Coleman and Democrat Morgan Maxfield—are conservatives.

No Senate race in **Kansas**, but Republicans are making headway in the 2nd District contest against liberal Democrat Martha Keyes. Her marriage to Representative Andy Jacobs of Indiana is said to be an issue aiding her Republican challenger, Ross Freeman. Across the line in **Nebraska**, the GOP is trying to hold the Senate seat of retiring conservative Roman Hruska with Representative John Y. McCollister, and to retain McCollister's Omaha House seat with conservative newscaster Lee Terry. Incumbent Republicans Charles Thone and Virginia Smith are favored for re-election. No major changes are expected in either of the **Dakotas.**

## The West

Like the pioneers before them, Republicans must cross the wide Missouri before they find a prospect that can truly gratify. In the states of the Rocky Mountain West, Pacific, and desert Southwest, a timely blend of circumstance and Reaganite conservatism offers several opportunities for Republican advance.

One such occurs in the state of **Montana**, where Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield has finally decided to hang up his cleats, creating a Senate vacancy and the outside chance of a Republican win. The Republican candidate, Reagan-style conservative Stanley Burger, is a good one. He is rated an underdog to Democratic Representative John Melcher, but many think the race is winnable. The GOP is going after Melcher's vacated House seat with conservative Ron Marlenee, by all accounts a first-rate candidate.

Also a long-shot, but still within the realm of possibility, is the challenge mounted by conservative state senator Malcolm Wallop against **Wyoming** Democrat Gale McGee. GOP congressional candidate Larry Hart is campaigning hard, as are standout conservative Representatives Steve Symms and George Hansen (both ACU 100) next door in **Idaho**. Both face vigorous challenges, but are expected to win and thus preserve the state's unusual (and enviable) status: It is one of only two states whose House delegation has a perfect conservative rating (the other is New Mexico).

Alone among the Rocky Mountain states, **Colorado** in recent years has exhibited a trend toward liberal Democrats—a direct result of the heavy influx of residents from the liberal East. Conservatives have been getting themselves organized, but the political readings suggest affirmative results will have to await some future election. Solid conservative Representative William Armstrong (5th District) will be returning, while other conservative hopefuls include Republicans Don Friedman (1st District), Ed Scott (2nd), and Mel Takaki (3rd), and independent Dick Davis (4th).

Neither **Oregon** nor **Washington** offers much of a chance for conservative victory in this election. Democratic Senator Henry "Scoop" Jackson is expected to win his customary massive landslide in the state of Washington. A possible Republican pick-up is the 2nd District, where a Republican named John Nance Garner is opposing liberal Democrat Lloyd Meeds. No major changes are anticipated in **Alaska**, while out **Hawaii** way the GOP attempts to hold the Senate seat of Hiram Fong, another retiree, with former Governor William Quinn.

Eight years ago few people would have guessed that radical student leader Tom Hayden might indirectly help elect S. I. Hayakawa to the U.S. Senate, but so in fact it may turn out. Hayden gave incumbent Senator John V. Tunney a hard way to go in the Democratic primary, and lingering unhappiness with the **California** senator may help propel the colorful Hayakawa on to victory. It's a race that rivals the New York Senate contest for political sex appeal, and could be a major Republican pick-up.

As befits the home of Ronald Reagan, California offers a number of top-flight conservative candidates for Congress.



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**Will 5′ 2″ S. I. Hayakawa be able to topple 6′ 2″ Sen. John Tunney in California? Late polls gave him a good chance.**

Among them are Bob Jones (11th District), Ernie Konnyu (13th), Bob Dornan (27th), Dan Lungren (34th), Louis Brutocao (35th), and Bob Badham (40th). Among the GOP incumbents who should be returning are Don Clausen (2nd District), Burt Talcott (16th), Bill Ketchum (18th), Bob Lagomarsino (19th), Barry Goldwater Jr. (20th), Carlos Moorhead (22nd), John Rousselot (26th), Del Clawson (33rd), Shirley Pettis (37th), Bob Wilson (41st), and Clair Burgener (43rd).

Quite possibly the brightest spot in the nation for conservative Republicans is the state of **Utah**, where a Reaganite Republican named Orrin Hatch has an excellent chance of defeating Senator Frank Moss. Hatch seemingly came from nowhere to capture the Republican nomination, buoyed by the rise of Reaganite conservatism within the Utah GOP. State Attorney General Vernon Romney is thought to be well ahead in his race for governor, while congressional candidate Dan Marriott is said to be a strong contender in his contest with susceptible Representative Allan Howe.

The GOP has a long-shot Senate possibility in **Nevada**, where former Representative David Towell takes on Senator Howard Cannon, but faces some countervailing problems in **Arizona**. The party was badly damaged by the bitter primary fight between Representatives John Conlan and Sam Steiger, both 100 per cent conservatives, for the Senate nomination to succeed retiring Paul J. Fannin. Steiger won the primary and is attempting to unite the party in time to defeat strong Democratic candidate Dennis De Concini. Republicans are trying to hold the Conlan House seat with conservative Eldon Rudd, and are keeping their fingers crossed as former Air Force Colonel Laird Guttersen homes in on former presidential hopeful Morris Udall. As in the Missouri 6th, conservatives in the Arizona 3rd District enjoy an unusual luxury: Republican candidate Fred Koory and Democratic nominee Bob Stump are both confirmed conservatives.

**New Mexico** could be a Republican land of enchantment November 2, thanks chiefly to the poor performance of Democratic Senator Joseph Montoya. He is opposed by astronaut Harrison Schmitt, whose slogan against the affluent incumbent is: "The people of New Mexico sent Joe Montoya to Washington to serve millions, not to make them." Most observers are counting this a potential turnover for the GOP. Conservative Representatives Manuel Lujan (Republican) and Harold Runnels (Democrat), should be returning to the nation's capital with little difficulty.

A final Republican hope for victory in the West is the campaign of Representative Alan Steelman against Senator Lloyd Bentsen down in **Texas**. Steelman is a moderate by Texas standards, but has shifted his votes toward increased conservatism in the current session. The GOP is trying to hang on to Steelman's Dallas House seat with Mrs. Nancy Judy; a staunch conservative (5th District), and is also concerned to preserve its newly elected Houston congressman, outspoken libertarian–conservative Ron Paul (22nd District). A possible conversion from liberal Democrat to conservative Republican is the 8th District (also Houston), a conservative area whose current representative, Bob Eckhardt, has an ultra-liberal voting record (ACU 0). Republican Nick Gearheart would be a vast improvement.

**Oklahoma** has no statewide contests, but does provide some congressional races of note—especially that of nationally known conservative spokesman Mickey Edwards (Oklahoma City). Edward came within a whisker of winning the seat in '74, and beat a well-financed liberal GOP opponent in this year's primary. His addition to the Congress would greatly strengthen the ranks of principled, articulate conservatives. This is a race to watch—as is the battle between conservative State Senator Jim Inhofe and incumbent Democrat Jim Jones (Tulsa).

## The South

Jimmy Carter may not sweep the Solid South, but his presence at the top of the Democratic ticket has certainly dampened Republican hopes in Dixie. Gone are the days of projected massive inroads by the Southern GOP. In this election the party would be content if it managed to hold fast to one endangered Senate seat, and recaptured a half-dozen or so congressional seats that were lost in the dismal balloting of '74.

By far the biggest worry for the Dixie GOP is the Senate seat of **Tennessee**'s Bill Brock. The Chattanoogan has compiled a first-rate record in the Senate, but the expected tide for Carter should aid the cause of Democrat James Sasser. Elsewhere in the Volunteer State, former Representative LaMar Baker, a conservative leader in the House, is trying to retake his 3rd District seat from Marilyn Lloyd, while Representative Robin Beard (6th District) confronts a difficult challenge from former Representative Ross Bass.

East Tennessee's conservative Republicans (James Quillen, John Duncan) should be returned, Carter or no, while the GOP attempts to regain the Memphis House seat of Dan Kuykendall with Andy Alissandratos. Across the river in **Arkansas**, Republican "Bo" Holleman is thought to have a shot at unseating Democratic Representative William Alexander (1st District). The state's lone Republican congressman, John Paul Hammerschmidt (3rd District), should be returning.


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**Harrison Schmitt (seated) aspires to be the second astronaut (John Glenn was the first) in the U.S. Senate. He's running against Sen. Joseph Montoya in N.M.**

Though without statewide contest, **Kentucky** provides some interesting match-ups for the House. One to watch because of its linkage to the volatile issue of busing is the Louisville contest pitting liberal Representative Romano Mazzoli against antibusing Republican Denzil Ramsey. Up the river in the 4th District, conservative Gene Snyder, watchdog for Americans interests in Panama, faces a determined liberal challenge, but should survive. A conversion for the GOP is possible in the 2nd District, where youthful Republican Walter Baker is contesting veteran Democrat William Natcher of Bowling Green.

Over **Virginia** way, conservative stalwart Harry Byrd Jr., running as an independent, but with the backing of many Republicans and Democrats, faces a *determined* opponent in Admiral Elmo Zumwalt, the official Democratic nominee. Expert opinion has it that Byrd's integrity and reputation will pull him through, and certainly the conservative cause can ill afford to be without him. In other races, Republicans Vincent Callahan and Jim Tate are striving hard to knock off liberal congressmen in the 9th and 10th congressional districts, respectively—seats that were occupied by conservative Republicans before the Watergate disaster. The rest of Virginia's solidly conservative delegation should be returning, though Republican Bob Daniel (4th District) is reputedly facing serious opposition, while the open 2nd District is being contested by Democrat Bob Quinn and Republican Paul Trible.

Other reversions to the Republican column are sought in **North Carolina**, contingent on the showing made by Carter. In the 5th Congressional District, former congressman and baseball great Wilmer "Vinegar Bend" Mizell is trying to regain the seat co-opted in '74 by Democrat Stephen Neal, and is given an excellent chance of doing so. Other possible Republican pick-ups are the 3rd District (Jack Blanchard), the 8th (Carl Eagle), and the 11th (Bruce Biggs). The governorship currently held by moderate GOPer James Holshouser is expected to go Democratic, but conservative Representatives James Martin (9th District) and James Broyhill (10th) are ticketed as winners.

Having prospered with a baseball star in North Carolina, the GOP is trying to duplicate the feat directly to the South. Former New York Yankee second baseman Bobby Richardson is thought to be doing well in his race for **South Carolina**'s 5th Congressional District, where he opposes liberal Democrat Kenneth Holland. The GOP has hopes as well of regaining the 6th District seat of Representative John Jenrette, afflicted with a variety of personal troubles, through the candidacy of former Representative Ed Young.

**Georgia** is Carter-land, of course, but still supplies some gleams of optimism for the conservative cause. Democrat Larry McDonald (7th District), has been a conservative stalwart in the House, particularly on issues involving internal security, and should be returned. In the 6th District, conservative Republican Newt Gingrich is trying to unseat Representative John Flynt, and in the 8th, Georgia conservative leader Billy Adams is trying to succeed retiring Representative Bill Stuckey. Gingrich and Adams could be victimized, however, by the expected Democratic vote for Carter.

No major changes are foreseen in the remaining Southern states. In **Alabama**, conservative GOPer Leonard Wilson might succeed in ousting moderate Democrat Tom Bevill, while Republican John Buchanan of Birmingham, whose votes have been gradually drifting left, could be in a bit of trouble. **Mississippi** Representatives Trent Lott (R.), Thad Cochran (R.), and G. V. "Sonny" Montgomery (D.), should all be returned from their respective districts, as should Dave Treen (R.), Henson Moore (R.), and Joe Waggonner (D.) in **Louisiana**.

That leaves us with the Sunshine State of **Florida**, where Republican John Grady (American Party candidate in '74) goes after Senator Lawton Chiles, and the GOP has a chance to pick up the Sarasota House seat of veteran Democrat James Haley, who decided to retire. The Republican candidate is conservative state legislator Robert Johnson (8th District). GOP Representatives Skip Bafalis (Palm Beach), Richard Kelly (Orlando), Lou Frey (Winter Park) and Bill Young (St. Petersburg) are all expected to return. J. Herbert Burke (Ft. Lauderdale) is said, however, to be facing vigorous competition. □

## In Re: The Media

The words they handle, soil, and waste
Are indices of mind and taste,
The social panic of their drives
From which vacuity derives.
The portents of onrushing doom
That echo in the living room
Or spill from the reporter's pen
Mean little now and much less when
The careless speed at which we live
Exhausts the strongest expletive.

RALPH DE TOLEDANO

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AN ALTERNATIVE

# The Minimum School

JEFFREY HART

I WOULD LIKE to put forward a novel and possibly radical idea: that many children are spending far too many hours per day in school.

Throughout the nation the school day, from first grade through the end of high school, lasts from 8:00 A.M. to 3:00 P.M. Just when this pattern was established I do not know, but it is prefectly obvious that what is essential to education at any level could be communicated in far less time, and therefore at far less expense to the hard-pressed taxpayer.

If you visit a school you find that the school day at any grade level is padded with activities that have little or no academic content. In the earlier grades the children spend a lot of time drawing pictures, cutting out paper dolls, creating clay objects, going on nature walks, practicing folk-dancing, playing ball in the school playground. Now all of those activities may be desirable, depending upon personal taste. But there is no reason why they have to take place on the school premises and at public expense, and no reason why state regulations should require that a child be held in school for six hours per day in order to spend a substantial portion of that time so occupied.

## *Math, French, and Tennis*

The same kind of thing takes place in the later grades, except that the time-killing activities change. You find the students hanging around in so-called study halls, carrying out make-work projects, and engaged in all kinds of cultural activities which, for many students at least, could better be pursued at home.

Learning to read and write, learning mathematics and a foreign language, learning some history and some science —these are essential things. They are also things that the school is better at communicating than most parents. But that is not true of much of the curriculum. Much of what transpires under the rubric of Social Studies, for example, could just as well be derived from the daily newspaper and from dinner table conversation. And as to the assorted cultural, aesthetic, and athletic activities, many students would benefit from having the option to pursue them on their own.

I myself attended Stuyvesant High School, one of the most academically demanding schools in New York City. You had to take an exam to get in. A very high proportion of its graduates went on to top colleges. But because of overcrowded conditions the school was obliged to operate on a two-session basis. Half of the students went from 8:00 A.M to 12:00 noon. The rest went from 12:00 noon to 4:00 P.M. It was an absolutely unmixed blessing. Whichever session you attended, you had half the day to do as you pleased. I myself earned some spending money and gained some valuable experience as a runner on Wall Street, pursued my zoology hobby, and worked on my tennis game.

Now I recognize that many parents implicitly view the school as performing a baby-sitting or custodial function which they deem desirable and even indispensable. The 8 to 3 school day does keep little Rollo out of mother's hair most of the day, and later on it keeps Susie off the street corner and out of the soda parlor. But there are many parents for whom this custodial aspect is unnecessary, or even an impediment to what they want to accomplish with the child's development.

New Hampshire and Vermont, for example, are superbly endowed in terms of environment. Instead of sitting around in school twice as long as is necessary, many students would like to get out into the countryside, either working or playing. The opportunities for hiking, skiing, climbing, and the like are unsurpassable.

With this climate and this population base, for example, New Hampshire and Vermont might well dominate world competitive skiing. Many young people would be attracted to that kind of achievement if they had the time to get out of doors and use the environment daily. But by the time the "normal" school day ends during the winter it is practically dark.

Winter sports are only one possibility. All sorts of things might be profitably pursued by individuals if the time were available to them, in music, art, and other areas: even holding a part-time job.

Now there is another aspect of the 8 to 3 school day that is troubling in a different way. It is likely to become increasingly controversial in the years ahead. Perhaps partly because a lot of wasted time does exist in the school day, but also because some educators have a grandiose sense of their mission, there has been a tendency on the part of the schools to push out beyond their legitimate educational function and get involved in all sorts of moral, cultural, and even political and religious (most often, anti-religious) matters. Some teachers appear to think it their function not so much to instruct as to "liberate" the child—and this, in turn, tends to mean liberate him from middle-class norms and assumptions. The aims of the school thus become grandiose and culturally imperialistic. The famous West Virginia textbook controversy is only the tip of the iceberg.

## *Sweat and Suet*

These grandiose cultural aims, moreover, may be one reason why, though expenditures for education have risen dramatically during the past decade, student test scores have actually declined. In view of this startling negative correlation between expenditure and performance it is hardly surprising that in recent elections the voters have been rejecting one bond issue for educational purposes after another.

As far as my own children are concerned, I consider that moral, cultural, athletic, political, and religious matters are best pursued according to private initiative and based in the home. I know that many others would agree, and for those who do it ought to be feasible to sweat a good deal of suet out of the present curriculum and greatly shorten the school day.

What ought to be available for those who desire it is what I call the Mini-

*(Continues on page 1254)*



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# Cacophony

## From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

"Whirl is king, having overthrown Zeus," Aristophanes wrote of fifth century Athens. Just as surely, Dinos is king of the twentieth century campus; and merry old soul that he is, Dinos rejoices in his court musicians: the juke box, the hi-fi, the blaring TV.

I refer to the domination of the typical campus in this land by ghastly "music" of the kind which, far from soothing the savage breast, obliterates conversation, reason, and even genuine emotion.

Take the typical student union building. Its coffee shop, and perhaps its lounges, are devastated from opening hour to closing hour by juke-box cacophony. It has become impossible for students, let alone professors, simply to talk together in most such places; literally, they can't hear themselves think. And the juke records are chosen, actually, not by the college students but rather on the basis of "pop ratings" nationally ascertained. That is, the college discos order the recordings which are reported as selling best in record shops across the country. And who buys most of the records in American record shops? Why, idle children 12 or 13 years old. By this wondrous degradation of the democratic dogma, the taste of urchins is imposed upon the Academy.

Why don't students and professors rebel against this tyranny over their auditory nerves? Well may you ask. More than twenty years ago, Professor Robert Nisbet and I, sitting at the University of California at Riverside with some intelligent officers of the student government, asked the students why they didn't put more decent records on the union juke box. They replied candidly that the boxes were owned, and the records supplied, by The Syndicate; and nobody ventured to meddle with such arbiters of taste.

A college may have a sound department of music, a good staff, a very tolerable student body—and yet submit supinely to such imposed "musical" savagery. What percentage of the student body really likes the mind-blasting cacophony? About 5 or 10 per cent, at best, I estimate. The great majority of students, and all the professors, merely endure this as a necessary evil, like death and taxes.

Even in rough bars it is somewhat otherwise. I know a bar where a juke-playing patron was shot to death some few years ago because he insisted on playing the "Beer-Barrel Polka" on the juke box once too often. And I myself, in another tavern, have asked the bartender, "Has anyone requested that tune on the radio right now?" And when he answered nay, I have said, "Then I request that it *not* be played." But nobody has that much backbone on the typical campus—not the dean, not the president. They might offend the vice president for fiscal affairs, who thinks the juke adds to his revenues.

### *Fair Albion*

Let me record one very honorable exception. At Albion College, in Michigan, there lies within the student union building a place of refreshment known as the Kulturskeller, rather pleasantly designed. There is a juke box near the entrance to this subterranean coffee shop. But not once have I heard this juke box play. It may be disabled, or it may have no records, or perhaps no student of Albion will waste a quarter upon it. At Albion the students can talk with one another, or study as they sip coffee, and they like it that way. At Albion, The Syndicate does not debauch the Muses.

Within nearly all the dormitories and fraternities of the typical American campus, cacophony triumphs insanely. Some undergraduates say they cannot study unless acid rock destroys all lesser sounds: they have been reared that way. If their roommates are vexed by this habit—well, that's the way the cookie crumbles. Occasionally a residence hall for honors students, like Koon Hall at Hillside College, may be spared this affliction: if you're a superior student already, you may be permitted to study. Elsewhere, when the windows are open, the frenetic sound pours all the way to the courthouse.

In considerable part, this hegemony of the mindless votaries of noise arose during the past decade of student unrest. As no less an authority than Dr. Bruno Bettelheim remarks, many of the radical students were paranoiacs and psychopaths: acid rock is music to the ears of such. In the name of "liberation," the more senseless undergraduates demanded, and generally obtained, the "right" to anarchy in the dorm: no proctors, no housemothers, no restrictions upon drink or fornication, no separation of the sexes—and no quiet hours. Dinos rejoiced.

### *Axe the Juke*

But that decade is past; that licentious toleration has disgraced itself; and the present crop of undergraduates have the sins of their predecessors visited upon them. I estimate that at least nine-tenths of the dorm inmates nowadays would prefer to have the stereos and the TVs and the radios stilled in some degree, and prohibited during late hours. Many of them, strange to relate, actually have rediscovered the pleasures of conversation and reading. Yet college and university authorities, still trembling at memories of Weatherpersons, fail to restore auditory order.

I do not find that generally college libraries have been surrendered to the tastes of undergraduates who relish girlie mags and horror comics. I do not find that the counterculture has been permitted to convert chemistry laboratories into manufactories of bombs. I do not find that heroin is distributed at college expense in the gymnasia.

So I marvel at the pusillanimity of college authorities and college student councils who fear to set their faces against the horrid oligarchy of the Acid Rockers. Juke cacophony rises out of the depths, socially and morally speaking; while colleges used to aspire to the heights. Carry Nation, thou shouldst be with us now. Who will take the first axe to Great God Juke? Or we might try plugging the contraption with foreign coins. When Bach and Beethoven are played in the union of Behemoth U, we may venture to deny the aphorism of André Siegfried: "America is the only nation to have passed from barbarism to decadence without having known civilization." □

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WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER

# Handouts

THE FREE MARKET is the place where contracts may be signed between consenting adults, and it is the contention of free-market economists that most contracts freely entered into are to the advantage of both parties. Indeed, that's the whole idea in the heads of both parties, else why should they sign?

Whereas the taxing and jailing power of the state is behind all forms of "welfarism," and the use of coercion and the threat of punishment are necessary in this form of "market" because it's not at all clear that *both* parties (producer and non-producer) are helped.

The problem would be scarcely more than theoretical if there were a hundred million people holding down useful jobs and only a handful of parasites living off the tax revenues. But the problem is at the brink of explosion, because we are at the point where the number of people living off handouts is about the same as the number of people working at meaningful jobs. (And a job administering the handouts, i.e., a government job, is definitely *not* in the productive sector of the economy.)

The most recent figures, for mid-1975, give you the 200-volt news. There are 28.6 million people dependent on government retirement and disability programs. (These figures are arrived at by taking the total number of recipients and multiplying by the percentage of their total income that the specific handout amounts to.) Government "survivor" programs (in case anyone survives the government?) are the mainstay of 8.9 million people. Supplemental income seems to prop up another 6.6 million people. Unemployment benefits keep 6 million going. People on active military duty, and their dependents, amount to 3.5 million souls. Civilian employees of government, and their dependents, amount to 27.7 million.

All told, there are 81.3 million people who are dependent on tax dollars for their year-round lives.

There are only 70.2 million people who are actively employed in the free-contract sector of the economy.

The slave-owners outnumber the slaves.

If this were all, we would clearly be in trouble. The democratic procedure begins to stink of theft when 51 per cent of the people can vote to take the money of the remaining 49 per cent. Fortunately, the slaves are married and have families of their own. The non-working dependents of the slaves number 62.1 million. All told, then, in slave quarters we can count 132.3 million souls, singing their spirituals of an evening around the flickering light of the ancestral teevee, while a relatively smaller number of idle rich, a mere 81.3 million, live off the sweat of the working man.

The working man still outnumbers the parasite, but the arithmetic contains all too little margin for error, and the textbooks of democratic theory tell us little about what will happen when the parasites finally gain the undisputed majority at the polls. Perhaps, if Rhodesia gains "majority rule," we can see it there. And then, no doubt, copy it, slavishly. (I should add that of course not all receivers of tax money are reprehensible parasites. The military services are the most obvious, as they are the most honorable, example.)

Well, is this amazing situation a problem of the free market? Something the free market could solve?

I believe so. In each case there could be the alternative of free contract. There is no reason why Social Security must be both compulsory and monopolistic. No reason why the Postal Service must exist as a protected monopoly. No reason why the Federal Government should be considered the best gatherer of weather info or the best operator of navigational beacons. No reason to suppose that the Federal Reserve's handling of the banking and money system is necessarily superior to the results that could be obtained by coining gold and silver, or running a bank with 100 per cent reserves in precious metals, there for the asking, any time you get sick of paper. Surely there is every reason to conclude that the government is the world's worst operator of real estate developments. Anyone who has followed the horrible story of the Pruitt-Igoe venture in St. Louis over the years can only weep for the suffering taxpayer who was drained of his wealth so that the poor "beneficiaries" could enjoy the following: 1) condemnation proceedings against their property; 2) eviction; 3) resettlement, years delayed, in new apartment buildings; 4) harassment, intimidation, and violence within those new buildings, caused by insufficient tenancy, police, and public morality; 5) escape into the unknown; 6) abandonment of the apartment buildings; 7) knocking down of the apartment buildings; 8) gazing at the wasteland in downtown St. Louis, where real people once lived.

THE SOCIETY built on handouts can be observed, in miniature, in those places where the parasites are in the majority. You do not drive down Main Street in Benton Harbor, Michigan, with your car windows rolled down. Nor in Detroit, nor Saginaw. Block after block is empty, or lying in rubble. Hundreds of store fronts are boarded up. Here and there some dudes in purple jeans and green fedoras can be observed, holding court under a street lamp. Townhouses in these gangrenous areas can be bought for a few thousand dollars—houses that were worth $50,000 only three or four years ago. Good factory buildings can be bought for $1 per square foot. One thing cannot be bought: insurance.

Well, it won't happen *here*, will it? A few pockets of berserk welfarism don't drag down the whole society, do they? That complacent mood might have been acceptable, as I mentioned, when the parasites were a minority. But they are gaining the whiphand on the national level, and human history is not rich in examples of people who, with a whip in their hands, failed to use it. □

*Mr. Rickenbacker is editor of the* Rickenbacker Report *and author of the recently published* William Rickenbacker's Savings and Investment Guide.



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# Arts & Manners

## ART

RUTH BERENSON

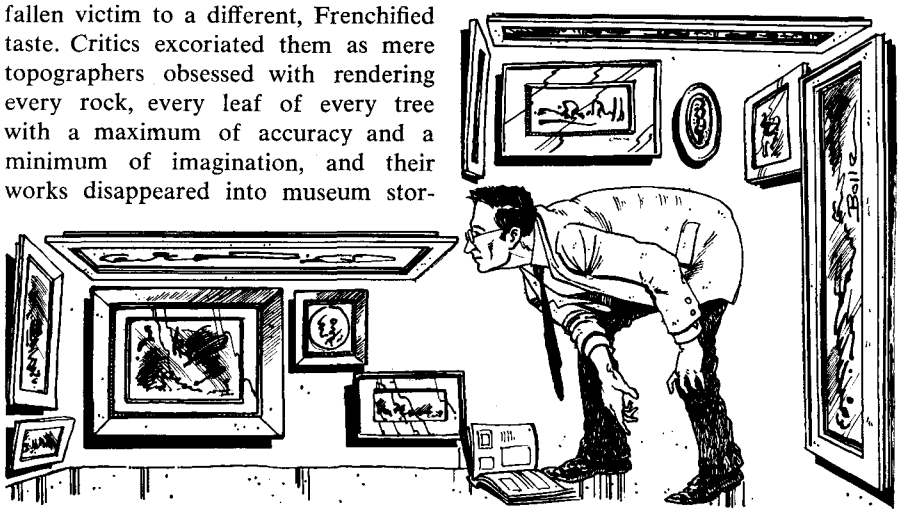
## Going Native

*The Neutral Paradise—Painting in America 1800-1950* is an uneven, fascinating, sure-to-be-controversial exhibition which may do a lot to recoup the Museum of Modern Art's reputation as an institution that encourages its visitors to think about what they're seeing. Not that they're asking us to cope with a new "ism" (it's generally agreed there aren't any at the moment). Rather, their Bicentennial offering is an attempt to explain an older, now nearly historic "ism," namely Abstract Expressionism, which exploded unexpectedly in the immediate postwar years and, for the first time, put American artists on top of the international heap. These artists—Pollock, Gottlieb, Rothko, and the rest—boasted that they had made a total break with America's past, since, as their self-proclaimed spokesman Clement Greenberg put it, "This country had not yet made a single contribution to the mainstream of painting or sculpture." Of course, no artistic movement has ever been born parthogenetically, and critics soon started tracing the Abstract Expressionist phenomenon to various School of Paris figures who had been in New York during the war. Now, however, the Modern is contending that far from being a European offshoot, Abstract Expressionism was a native product with roots in the Romantic strain that has pervaded American painting almost since its beginnings. By surveying this strain, which starts with Thomas Cole and the Hudson River School, continues through the nineteenth century with luminists like Martin Johnson Heade, panoramists like Church and Bierstadt, and, in more modern times, such markedly individual talents as, among others, Ryder, Marsden Hartley, Arthur Dove, John Marin, and the nearly forgotten Augustus Vincent Tack, the exhibition tries to demonstrate the continuity of this tradition down to its most recent flowering in the 1950s.

THE VERY existence of American Romanticism, though now pretty much taken for granted, was long ignored by art historians and critics. In their own time the romantic leanings of the Hudson River School and later landscapists were unquestioned; they were praised for the "sublime effects" ("sublime" is a cant word of Romanticism) in their portrayals of the American wilderness which they, like so many European observers, saw as a natural paradise undefiled by the corrupting hand of man, a manifestation, as Emerson put it, "of the moral and inner life of the world, of the Eternal mind . . . which is revealed alike by the small and great, in each as in all." Thus no detail was too insignificant: Heade's tropical orchids were as much reflections of the Almighty as Bierstadt's Yosemite Valley, which he painted as a kind of natural cathedral bathed in transcendent light from above.

But by the 1890s these artists had fallen victim to a different, Frenchified taste. Critics excoriated them as mere topographers obsessed with rendering every rock, every leaf of every tree with a maximum of accuracy and a minimum of imagination, and their works disappeared into museum storage bins. This view still prevailed when Abstract Expressionism burst on the scene, and it is noteworthy that one of the first challenges to it was mounted by that champion of the new, the Modern Museum itself, which put on a comprehensive display of *Romantic Painting in America* in 1943, the very year Pollock and Clyfford Still had their first one-man shows.

Unfortunately, the present exhibition is so ineptly installed that even a well-informed viewer will find it nearly impossible to grasp its point. The temporary exhibition galleries are simply not large enough to contain the 157 works, many of them oversized, so that except for the Abstract Expressionist canvases, which are allotted a gallery to themselves, the crowding is unbearable. Some of the most beautiful, seldom-seen works—turn-of-the-century Thomas Dewing's haunting *White Birch*, for instance, with two elegantly gowned girls dissolved into gossamer by the intensity of the enveloping summer haze, and Thomas Moran's small but terrifying *Slaves Escaping through a Swamp*, one of his rare figure pieces—are hung in a corridor-like space and can hardly be seen; other pictures are skied; and a number of the gigantic Churches and Bierstadts lose their impact since one cannot back away from them without bumping into a wall. Moreover, the groupings seem to have been determined by space considerations and offer no clue as to the exhibition's intended meaning. And, granting that overuse of labels has come in for a good deal of valid criticism lately, their absence here is regrettable, practically forcing the visitor to buy a catalogue ($19.95 cloth; $7.95 paper), annoying after one has paid $1.75 admission.



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The pictures per se are a delight, and even without the catalogue, the visitor should have little trouble tracing the permutations of American Romanticism through the 1930s. So far as the later pictures are concerned, I feel a kind of spiritual liaison between, say, the near-impalpable visions of Frederick Church and Albert Bierstadt, on the one hand, and the pools of glowing color that imbue the canvases of Rothko, Gottlieb, and Still. I can sense a similar relationship between Winslow Homer's *Wave Breaking over the Maine Coast* and the swirling water of Jackson Pollock's *The Deep*. And as the catalogue indicates, the early Romantics and the Abstract Expressionists shared a common interest in conveying the timelessness of nature, the impalpable mystery of light, and what one of the latter, Barnett Newman, calls "man's natural desire for the exalted."

Whether you think the Abstract Expressionists were as effective in expressing these concerns as American painters were a century ago is largely a matter of your personal reaction to their canvases. When these first began to dominate the art scene in the early Fifties, mystified critics saw them as nothing more than enlarged Rorschach ink blots. They're more than that, far more, and yet there is some truth in the comparison, for their very amorphousness permits each viewer to project himself into a Pollock or a Rothko as he does into a Rorschach; in a way, he contributes as much as the artist to the picture. Whether you agree with the Modern's interpretation of the origins of Abstract Expressionism will depend in large measure on your own highly personal reaction to it. □

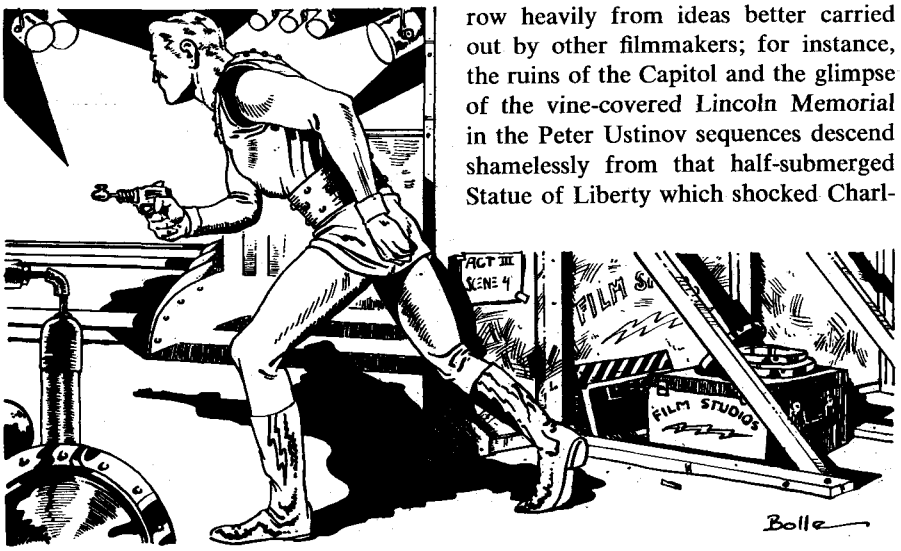
# FILM

HARVEY E. PHILLIPS

## Futures Past

Toward the beginning of *Logan's Run*, Michael Anderson's film about life in the twenty-third century (in fact, just after the credits have been attended to in very unfuturistic, up-front fashion), we are plunged smack into the middle of 1939. A cityscape panorama confronts us, just as shots of a World-Trade-Centerless New York skyline used to prelude action-packed sagas about Big Town, U.S.A., the camera then zeroing in on one particular tower, then on one particular window, and finally through it to the desk of one particular hard-hitting journalist, industrial tycoon, gritty hat-on-the-back-of-head private eye. In *Logan's Run* there's no sign of the Chrysler Building, but instead we get Buckminster Fullerish domes of artfully convincing super-Houston proportions, connected by steeply angled ramps up and down which glide, like mercury bubbles, twenty-third century conveyances. But if this is the twenty-third century, how come it looks so much like a General Motors Futurama display hype left over from Flushing Meadows circa middle Fiorello La Guardia? And why do the people on those transportation belts, once we see them up close, wear those all-purpose antiquity-inspired jersey drapes pioneered by Buster Crabbe?

THE ANSWER may lie partly in that the design squad of *Logan's Run* had no especially gifted view of the future. (It is true that all visual aspects borrow heavily from ideas better carried out by other filmmakers; for instance, the ruins of the Capitol and the glimpse of the vine-covered Lincoln Memorial in the Peter Ustinov sequences descend shamelessly from that half-submerged Statue of Liberty which shocked Charlton Heston and us so electrically at the end of *Planet of the Apes*.) Yet the reason behind these stylistic references to the past goes deeper than a simple want of creative imagination, for they tell us immediately what the narrative subsequently goes to painful lengths to explicate: that the past is a far better place in which to dwell than is the future. But for *Logan's Run* and, by generic necessity, for all so-called sci-fi films, the past is our present; so instead of the nostalgia for a cute Great Depression that we get these days in almost every comedy Hollywood attempts—nostalgia for days that never were—we are presented with a hankering for a late 1970s that never is.




THE NOD then to those cinema clichés is representative of a looking backward and of a reluctance to hazard a complex vision of the future. *Logan's Run* says that coming up a few hundred years from now is a mind-numbing horror of a world where individuality is crushed, where maturity and wisdom are unknown (anyone over thirty wins a final solution), and where only the divinely inspired know enough to escape. What do they escape to? Why, to life, warts and all, outside the domes, outside control, where other, "natural" values reign. It is the world we the moviegoers live in, and isn't it a marvelous place after all? At the end of *Logan's Run*, Ustinov, as an ancient alien, is brought back to Futurama City by liberated Michael York, and in a cataclysm of Wagnerian fire and retribution the eyes of the dome-dwellers are opened to the good in what their rulers had denied them. In short, this future civilization is repudiated and our present one endorsed. I suppose we're meant to feel happy that we exist in the present and unconcerned that, after our current sagacity ebbs, our inheritors may resign themselves to a slide into totalitarian, albeit sleek, inferiority.

*Logan's Run* is by no means an isolated affirmation by cinematic science fiction of what you know as opposed to what you don't know. For example, last year's *Rollerball* suggested a time to come when wars would cease, nationality would be no more (amazingly, however, regional accents persist), all women would look like shopping-mall Raquel Welches, pills would make you satisfied while dancing forehead to forehead or fire-zapping trees (oo, the naughty anti-ecologists!) and for com-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plete distraction everyone would become a fan of a fatality-rich for-real roller derby played S and M gear on motorcycles. Again a rebel (James Caan) refuses to accept all his society's dicta, one of them being "Thou Shalt Not Be a Hero," and as a rollerball star challenges the system. In a climactic game (meet? match? battle?) Caan kills all his opponents and emerges an authentic now-type Numero Uno, proving, one may imagine, that our contemporary idea of how to play the game can't be beat. *Rollerball* happens to be, under Norman Jewison's guidance, a much cleverer package than *Logan's Run*, but their conceits are identical. There is one small miscalculation, however, concerning the contrast between "now" and "then"—or perhaps the movie's authors were merely acting shrewdly on their instincts about the deterioration timetable: from the eager cries of "Kill" and "Get the mother f-----!" in the audience the night I saw *Rollerball* when the players were having their skulls kicked in, we just may be further along toward future imperfect than most of us, in or out of Hollywood, suspect.

The year's most popular sci-fi film (for the trippy-minded who can't make it with flaming gore on a banked track) is Nicholas Roeg's *The Man Who Fell to Earth*. If anything can be detected behind its willful and arbitrary obscurity, here, too, there is reaffirmation of distrust in the benefits to mankind of complicated hardware. Roeg claims to have made a movie about the outsider in which the extraterrestial aspects are to be taken as a metaphor. Still, *this* outsider, while not a part of any future civilization, but rather of another universe entirely, is a refugee from a planet where drought and death cannot be prevented by advanced technology. David Bowie, as the visitor, plays a sort of Billy Budd character doomed by the hypocrisy of his not-quite-so fellow men. While the film offers anything but a complacent attitude toward contemporary life, it also predicates the destruction of that which is different.

These three fables share a pessimism, despite differing intentions and levels of sophistication. It is most interesting to speculate on why those who feed our cinematic imaginations through the format of science fantasy should have decided on a negative bias and why the public should accept these hand-me-down assurances about the tangible now and/or the concomitant fears about tomorrow and what cannot yet be known. Hollywood is in the process of releasing several new science-fiction efforts by such distinct talents as George Lucas (*American Graffiti*) and Steven Spielberg (*Sugarland Express*). It is not yet clear whether the amusement value of fear will be resubscribed to by these and others or whether they will try, much more compellingly, to introduce into the genre a conception of a society that exists outside the Orwell-Huxley axis and thereby to challenge us to consider the limitations of life in 1976. □

# DELECTATIONS

NIKA HAZELTON

## Giòia Siciliana

I made the trip from Berlin to Palermo by train—comfortably enough but, alas, without beguiling or bedeviling company. The interesting part was the ride through the Deutsche Demokratische Republik—East Germany—which surrounds Berlin like a hostile sea. Unlike other European countries, the DDR does not let you through on your passport alone, so you have to get a transit visa on the train from the neat, polite East German conductors. The visa is free, but if you are traveling through Europe on the convenient Eurailpass, you have to buy a train ticket to get through the DDR (or any other Iron Curtain country).

Even from the train you are struck by the shabbiness, greyness, and general untidiness of the DDR. It makes you wonder how the people there, the same by race and tradition as the West Germans, could have become so resigned after thirty-odd years of Communism. I have been told that it is impossible to get paint and plaster to fix up the houses; but do the railway stations have to be so messy? Apart from the Wall, with its mined bare earth strips, its barbed wire, and the other paraphernalia of terror and death that make one shudder, it was unnerving to see the ferocious German shepherds let loose *under* the railway carriages at frontiers and in-between stops, to sniff out any unfortunate who might be trying to escape from East Germany by clinging there. And dogs, on long leashes, are as much part of the Wall as are the mines and watchtowers.

My last two weeks abroad I spent in Sicily, traveling there and attending the convention of the *Fédération Internationale de la Presse Gastronomique, Vinicole, et Touristique*—a fabulous gathering about which I shall say more in later "Delectations." For now, I observe the contrast between East Germany and the Sicilian cities and villages I visited. East Germany is supposed to be progressive and Sicily hopelessly backward. Yet from what I saw, the opposite is true: East Germany looks run down, and Sicily is by no means the hell-hole of black poverty we know from the Italian movies. Sicilian roads are excellent, there are many smashing new tourist hotels, and, except for the sordid slums of Palermo, you see plenty of new housing (some of it unfinished, the money having run out on the building boom). The cities and villages—again excepting Palermo—are clean and safe, and I did not hesitate to go about on my own, without fear of interference from authorities or inhabitants. A free and even wild economy like Sicily's, with all its shortcomings, seems to be easier on the inhabitants than the austere planned economy of East Germany.

I DOUBT THAT any planned economy could have put on such feasts as we enjoyed. The idea of the convention was to bring Sicilian cooking to the notice of the press. We were put up in the Hotel Zagarella, a brand-new seashore resort twenty miles from Palermo, with four swimming pools fronting on the Mediterranean. By day we were taken to see the sights and lunched on local delicacies provided by the tourist boards. By night each of the island's provinces put on a super dinner featuring its regional specialties. The variety in the food is surprising: much of it subtle, and very different from the simple pasta and eggplant dishes we associate with Sicily. It is influenced (like all things Sicilian) by the island's many conquerors—Greek, Roman, Norman, Arab, Spanish, French. The Arab influence is particularly interesting, and noticeable in the stuffings: swordfish stuffed with a farce of sardines, currants, and pine nuts (*tunnina a'siciliana* from Siracusa); a meatloaf stuffed with hard-cooked eggs, carrots, and a pi-

*(Continues on page 1251)*

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# BOOKS

## The Far Side of Yoknapatawpha County

VICTOR GOLD

*A Piece of My Heart*
*By Richard Ford*
*Harper, 299 pp., $7.95*

*"The hell," Mr. Lamb said. "You're a fish, Newel, by God. You belong back up in Lake Michigan where it's cold and wet, not down where people's got blood."*

Southerners, said Faulkner, are different from Northerners. Yes, answered Malcolm Cowley, they have more legend. In his first novel, Richard Ford, a 32-year-old Mississippian, enhances the legend of the mystic Mother Region that Wolfe could not go home to and Faulkner could not escape. Ford, similarly torn, solves his problem, at least in a literary sense, by the unique device of splitting his protagonist in halves. He tells the story, in tandem, of Robard Hewes, the Arkansas drifter drawn home from the Golden West by the most primal of attractions, and Sam Newel, the Mississippi drifter about to get his law degree in Chicago, who returns South, in the classic theme of the legend, to find a missing part of himself somewhere in the land and its people.

"*You remind me of somebody*," Hewes tells Newel shortly after they meet.

"*Who?*"

"*I don't know, a movie star, somebody like that.*"

The two men are mirror images: their fates intertwined, to be resolved during a brief and surreal stay on a river island between Arkansas and Mississippi. The publisher's cover blurb calls this "An extraordinary first novel," which, given the hyperbolic standards of today's literary marketplace, is mere understatement. I have read this book once, to learn which of the returnees has come to stay—*permanently* to stay—and which escapes. I am reading it again, as one brought up in the South, for the pure enjoyment of the author's authentic feel for the Mother Region, the beauty, ugliness, humor, and violence of its people. I will probably read it a third time, to pick up nuances I missed in the first two readings. On the other hand, if you are a reader who belongs back up in Lake Michigan, once may suffice.

The Hewes-Newel story opens, literally, with a bank. One of the two returnees has been shot, killed for no reason other than the mindless enforcement of a no-trespassing ordinance. His killer is a young boy—one of several monster children inhabiting Ford's literary landscape. When asked about the identity of his victim, the boy shrugs, "*Damned if I know. Whoever it was, though, he didn't have no business being here. I'll tell you that . . .*"

The line and the boy are symbolic. The river island, there but somehow missing from the U.S. Geological Survey map, is symbolic. On and near the island there are a man with a mechanical larynx, a man hard of hearing, and a man with a war-wound-disfigured mouth. In addition, the characters in this novel all seem to have some tic involving the rubbing, reaming, and massaging of eyes. These, too, are symbolic. Mr. Lamb, the host and the lessee of the island (the lease being held by a Chicago corporation), is one of the most colorful, cantankerous, Southern fictional characters since Faulkner's Big Daddy. But he, too, is symbolic . . . Hewes-Newel, the lamb with his *ewe*.

I COULD GO on. As the price for having studied Faulkner, several generations of English literature majors in the Deep South, beginning with my own, have managed to endure but not prevail over a critical warp in our ability to appraise fiction coming out of the Mother Region.

The operative word here is *studied*. During the late 1940s, no serious English lit freak worth his cracked coffee cup at Tulane would simply *read* Faulkner, for the pleasure of it. We read traffic signs or, if desperate for

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**Victor Gold** *is writing a book about the 1976 campaign. . . .* **John Lukacs'** *most recent book is* The Last European War. . . . **Jane Majeski** *is a member of the editorial staff at Cambridge University Press. . . .* **Robert W. Merry** *is a staff writer on* The National Observer. . . . **Robert Nisbet** *is Albert Schweitzer Professor of the Humanities at Columbia University.*


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reading material, there was always the editorial page of the *Times-Picayune*. But Faulkner (who had worked at the *Picayune*) we plumbed, relentlessly searching for deeper significance. If we were successful in our search, the prize was a nugget of *symbolism* with which to one-up a peer or, at least, break even with a professor. On a slow day, we could always fall back on some Malcolm Cowley thesis.

It was Cowley, after all, who woke us up to what we had been missing in Faulkner. On merely reading *Sanctuary*, for example, I thought I knew the character Popeye well enough to think of him as the most malevolent degenerate this side of the then-censored literature coming out of Paris. Cowley pointed out that my interpretation was acne-deep. Popeye, it developed, was a symbolic bastard as well. He represented "the mechanical civilization that has invaded and partly conquered the South. He was always described in mechanical terms: his eyes 'looked like rubber knobs.' . . . He was the man 'who made money and had nothing to do with it' . . . in other words, he was the compendium of all the hateful qualities that Faulkner assigns to finance capitalism," a character in an allegory "somehow connected in the author's mind with what he regards as the rape and corruption of the South."

Of course. How could I have missed it? Anyone who ravaged a Southern belle with a corncob would have *had* to be an agent of J. P. Morgan.

If I have any fear for the literary future of the author of *A Piece of My Heart*, it is that he will be Cowleyized. His poet's vision of a Mother Region littered with decay and deformity, where violence and death are shrugged off as integral to the life-force itself, is clear and unsentimental. This book may indeed be a classic of the genre, first novel or tenth. Ford is a superb storyteller who can relate a vignette of pure horror or a comedy of rustic manners with equal brilliance.

But that symbolism! Let Ford be cautioned that once a minstrel of the legend invites (as he has, with a vengeance) the attention of the symbol-hunters, there is no escaping their critical warp. That Faulkner himself dismissed Cowley's interpretation of his stories as so much Yoknapatawpha barnyard dung mattered little. Indeed, we were advised that the author's only comment about the relationship between *Sanctuary* and finance capitalism—to wit, that he had written the book only "to make money"—was a line which, in itself, would have to be studied for meaning-within-meaning.

Richard Ford is too good a storyteller to suffer such a fate. I don't much care whether the U.S. Geological Survey locates that island; but a little symbolism can go a long way. In future novels he should do something about all those eyes, ears, and throats. Send them to Lake Michigan for the cold, wet treatment. □

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*Black Sun: The Brief Transit and Violent Eclipse of Harry Crosby*
*By Geoffrey Wolff*
*Random House, 368 pp., $12.95*

## THAT'S ENTERTAINMENT

### D. KEITH MANO

The rich are heroic. Courage, after all, implies an ability to function under stress: and leisure is daunting stress. There are hours—until a five-o'clock whistle at least—when you and I needn't exonerate our frivolous lives: accountant, waitress, policeman: enough. The idle rich, God, don't even have weekends. If survival is guaranteed, then a lot of blank days must be justified to the soul. Millionaires are often eccentric, not just because eccentricity is expensive, but because they spend more time *being*: i.e., inventing and decorating and explaining a persona. For that reason the wealthy influence style; it's their vocation to be concerned with nonessential forms and rites. They are entertainment; they pick up the check for our fantasy life. That's why socialist Britain keeps a Queen, as tired businessmen keep mistresses; why Communist Russia will preserve and restore its Czarist enormities. Worse yet, the rich are required, by moral legislation, to be unhappy. In general, and despite great obstacles, they have discharged that responsibility. Guilt helps. Even their noble, generous acts will be taken under advisement. Christ's widow didn't give her mite as a tax write-off. We need the rich. They are our suffering servants.

Harry Crosby died for your sins. And your titillation. No, until a month ago, I hadn't heard of him either. Crosby was rich (J.P. Morgan's nephew), and well-connected (except in the synapses). Crosby once sent his Boston Brahmin father this disconcerting telegram: PLEASE SELL $10,000 WORTH OF STOCK. WE HAVE DECIDED TO LEAD A MAD AND EXTRAVAGANT LIFE. Croix de Guerre ambulance driver in World War I. Athletic lover: sexual, homosexual, and fantasexual (Crosby had a nonexistent lady friend whom he would escort to the best Paris restaurants). Gambler. Opium smoker. Orthodox sun worshipper (atheism aside, the least rewarding of faiths). Execrable poet. Good publisher: Lawrence, Joyce, MacLeish. Geoffrey Wolff would have you believe that Crosby stands as the synecdoche for our over-celebrated 1920's expatriate generation. Today a professional biographer is rather like an expansion draft general manager: down to picking left-handed third basemen. I will grant Wolff one point. Harry Crosby was an imposing figure. He imposed on just about everyone.

Harry Crosby was six characters in search of a person. If he couldn't write poetry, he still had money enough to be poetic. In five years he ran through a century's worth of verse tradition: ersatz Browning, ersatz Decadent and Symbolist and Dadaist; even some automatic writing. All bad, but give him credit, all consistent: he never compromised either his intensity or his mediocrity. The themes, too, were invariable: sun worship and death. Crosby wore a black carnation; sun symbols and crosses were tattooed on his footsoles. He choreographed rituals: it was his way of killing blank days; it was style. Harry must have generated the worst books of poetry with the classiest prefaces. T.S. Eliot, for instance, got paid to say: "Crosby was in a hurry, I think, because he was aware of a direction and ignorant of the destination, only conscious that time was short and the terminus a long way off." His step-daughter Polleen would remark, "I think for Harry that worshipping the sun was mostly important for the image it gave him of Harry worshipping the sun. He liked to watch himself do it." Only problem was—don't laugh, we are all faced with embarrassing personal tragedies—"he had an aversion to heat and to Southern parts."

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In other words, Harry Crosby was a first-rate jerk. He did have one valid perception, though: that the mediocre can't afford to live long. On December 10, 1929 Harry Crosby shot Josephine Rotch Bigelow, someone else's wife, in the head, and, after a rather unchivalrous two hours, took his own life. Crosby had been churning out turgid verse rants about death for so long that he had no other option. Crosby was 31: his sort of frat pledge shenanigans don't wear well in middle age. "He must have understood with perfect clarity that he could only redeem from clownish bewilderment such poems as he had chosen to write, by an enactment of their conviction." He didn't leave a suicide note: certainly the most tasteful thing he had ever done.

The false premise of our age has been that an act, no matter how foolish, is always more persuasive than mere art. It worked for Crosby: without his murderous, spiteful suicide there would have been no *Black Sun*. Wolff writes superbly; he has researched the era well. His book is engrossing, chiefly because of those notables who intersect, or were paid to intersect, with Harry Crosby's stupid and selfish brief transit. Nonetheless I won't easily forgive Wolff: because of him, Harry Crosby imposed on me from the grave. Those who are in love with death deserve to have their passions go unrequited. □

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*An Overgoverned Society*
*By W. Allen Wallis*
*Free Press, 304 pp., $10*

## A LITTLE SORCERY

ROBERT NISBET

It is one of the many merits of this book that it takes its departure from some passages Walter Lippmann wrote in the early 1930s for his *The Good Society*. I content myself with two of them: "For more than two generations an increasingly coercive organization of society has coincided with increasing disorder. It is time to inquire why, with so much more authority, there is so much less stability. . . . Why should it be that in a time when men are making the prodigious claims that they can plan and direct society, they are so profoundly impressed with the unmanageability of human affairs?"

There are frequent references in Wallis' brilliant, often profound, book to Lippmann's *The Good Society*, and I am glad, for that book—the best by far Lippmann ever wrote—received shabby treatment in its day. It came out when I was a graduate student in the social sciences at Berkeley; I can still hear the jeers of all the right-thinking New Deal liberals. By the time Lippmann's book was published, in 1937, the New Deal had more than demonstrated the total ineffectuality of its Depression-curing policies; worse, it had, in the NRA, manifested its affinity with Fascism. The Supreme Court saved us from that, of course, its reward being, as everyone knows, the Court-packing bill FDR sent to Congress under the baldest lie a U. S. President had told the people since Woodrow Wilson's assurances of European non-involvement in 1916.

Well, there have been lots of lies, subterfuges, and chicaneries since the New Deal; also a heavier and heavier burden of government on economy and society. Allen Wallis' book is immensely useful as guide in all this, for it is composed of 34 essays written during the third of a century between 1942 and 1976. And I can think of no mind in that period more alert to, more sensitively aware of, what was going on than the author of this book. He had, as he tells us, the advantage of an extraordinarily good graduate education during the height of the New Deal follies: at the University of Chicago in the early 1930s. I do not hesitate to say that university was then, across the board, the best—especially in the areas of graduate education—the best this country has ever seen. In his economic studies Wallis had Frank Knight, Henry Simon, and Lloyd Mints, among others. Equally, perhaps more important, he had for fellow students the wonderful likes of Milton Friedman, Homer Jones, George Stigler, to name but three.

Most of *The Overgoverned Society* is concerned, and very lucidly, with economic issues; chiefly those which flow from the intervention of government into business and finance. Rarely, it seems to me, have we been treated to more succinct and authoritative accounts of the destructive impacts upon economic processes of political power expressed as such power is today in our bureaucratized welfare-democracy. The first of the essays is titled "FDR as Prophet," and makes a very nice beginning indeed. There Wallis quotes some grim words of FDR I had never seen but will cherish henceforth: "In 34 months," FDR declared in January 1936, "we have built up new instruments of public power in the hands of the people's government. This power is wholesome and proper, but in the hands of political puppets of an economic autocracy, such power would provide shackles for the liberties of our people." Repeat: FDR. Not Stalin, Hitler, or, more recently, Mao. It would be hard to find a better epitome of the decline and corruption of American liberalism.

It is "the sickness of overgovernment" that accounts, as Wallis emphasizes in another of his essays, for the debasement of that hoary apothegm of Western justice, "the rule of law." We still honor it, constantly appeal to its legal sacredness. Once it meant the citizen's protection from arbitrary power. Today, though, as Wallis points out, it means the rule of countless laws, enactments, entitlements, penalties, and decrees in our daily lives. "The term 'rule of law' now is coming to mean that all activities and relations between people should be regulated by law." It has ever been the mark of the tyrant to be distrustful of all relations among the people not directly regulated by the tyrant. Modern democracy does this more subtly but with vastly greater effect. Is it any wonder the law has indeed become an ass?

ALLEN WALLIS is more than a brilliant highly respected economist. He serves and has served for a long time as university president, as direct advisor to Presidents, and as member of major presidential commissions. His experience is broad, his perceptions sharp. Little seems to have escaped his attention over the years. He is very good on Watergate. "Watergate," he writes, "is deplorable, disgraceful, immoral, shocking, inexcusable, alarming, reprehensible, and quite a few other things, none of them nice." But how revolting, all the same, the hysterical self-congratulation of the press and the fatuous complacencies of Democrats in high office. For, inflated moralizing notwithstanding, would the same relentless investigation, the same day-after-day shrillness of righteousness, have accompanied a


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Kennedy Administration? "Despite the self-congratulation of the newspapers that the exposure of Watergate is a triumph of a free and unbiased press, it is at most a triumph of a free and biased press." Did any major newspaper pursue, *really* pursue, Chappaquiddick? Or the chilling use of the FBI and its late-night knocks by the Kennedy regime on the doors of newspaper reporters at the time of the steel-price crisis in 1962? Merely to ask the question is to answer it. Wallis does a superb job of showing the heavy economic repercussions of Kennedy's use of powers—legal in themselves but directed toward quite immoral purposes—in that crisis. But, as he concludes, the real toll the American people paid was political. "Far and away the most important and most distressing aspect of the steel episode . . . was the fact that it represented a long step toward authoritarianism." It all passed relatively unnoticed though, in our great press. Vendetta with Nixon was the thing. It still is. Not, alas, that Nixon is undeserving of his fate; merely that the United States is deserving of a truly good press. God knows, we give it everything in the way of subventions, privileges, and luxuries denied most other so-called professions.

I would guess from Wallis' essays that, come Republican or Democrat in 1977, wage and price controls will shortly follow almost any economic perturbation. Wallis' explanation of Nixon's turning to such controls in 1972 is convincing, and ominous. Neither Nixon nor his close advisors believed in them or were other than aware of the long-run harm the controls would do. Why, then, the controls? Answer: one more illustration of what Walter Lippmann called "the sickness of an overgoverned society." What Wallis says, and correctly, is: "The head of a country in which 70 to 80 per cent of the population believes in witchcraft, simply has to practice a little sorcery." I fear Wallis is right, and I fear accordingly for the future. Wallis thinks "there is nearly an even chance that controls will not end in this century."

Neither, I believe—as does Wallis, if I infer correctly—will the sickness of an overgoverned society terminate in this century. In all truth, it really doesn't matter, at least in this respect, whether Democrat or Republican gets elected. The Renaissance—oh fabled Renaissance!—was the setting for the widest, deepest belief in the terrors of witchcraft Western society had ever known. The present century, everywhere, is the setting for the widest, deepest belief in economic demonology our civilization has known. Hence the craving for political controls (instead of for witchcraft trials!). Anything to fend off the void. Political controls are demonstrably, manifestly, ineffectual and absurd. *Credo quia absurdum.* We are in for a long ordeal, on the evidence of this remarkable book. Wallis cites Walter Lippmann: "So men may have to pass through a terrible ordeal before they find again the central truths they have forgotten." That is deeply true. So, perhaps, are the words which immediately follow. Lippmann (and Wallis) are still speaking of the central truths: "But they will find them again, as they have often found them again in other ages of reaction, if only the ideas that have misled them are challenged and resisted." The highest compliment one can pay *An Overgoverned Society* is that it is in the vanguard of challenge and resistance. I wish it well. □

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*The Damnable Question. One Hundred and Twenty Years of Anglo-Irish Conflict*
*By George Dangerfield*
*Atlantic-Little, Brown, 400 pp., $14.95*

## THE FIRST STEP

JOHN LUKACS

During the first World War a great empire found itself threatened from within. Disorders and mutinies increased. It was losing control over a disaffected people within its homelands. Nationalist rebels raised their flag in a provincial capital. Some of them sought, and received, the support of the main enemy Power. Many of them wished for the victory of that Power, which they expected to be productive of their independence. The moderate leaders who worked for a constitutional settlement were losing to the radical nationalists. The imperial government was incapable of dealing with such a crisis. It moved from conciliation to coercion and back to conciliation again. Its hope was compromise; its practice was procrastination. The dissolution of the empire was coming about.

This may be a summary of what happened to the Habsburg Monarchy, to the relatively weakest of the old European empires, defeated in 1918. It is also a summary of what happened to the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, a victor of the war of 1914-1918.

In this book George Dangerfield returns to the times and to the scenes that inspired him more than forty years ago. *The Strange Death of Liberal England*, which established his reputation, remains a masterpiece of historical writing, mainly because of Dangerfield's talented description of a political and social atmosphere at a given time: a brilliant aesthetic success. In more than one sense *The Damnable Question* is its continuation. Many of the characters are the same. Yet this book is quite different from its predecessor, and not only in consequence of its different theme. It is essentially a political history. Unlike *The Strange Death of Liberal England*, it is based on a great deal of archival research. Some of it is strangely boring. Like some of his compatriots—Huxley and Isherwood come to mind—Dangerfield had translated from England to California in the 1930s. There he became a respected and respectable historian; but he may have lost some of the irreverent and penetrating qualities of his genius in the process.

Between the Easter Rising and the end of the war there occurred a revolution in Irish feeling. In April 1916 the population of Dublin was, by and large, surly and hostile to the rebels. Within two years the rebels, and their successors, were the unquestioned and unquestionable national heroes. How did this happen? Dangerfield describes some of this, but he does not really attempt to probe the depths of this tremendous mutation of sentiment. Yet this was the main issue, more important and more consequential than were the tricky tergiversations of Lloyd George to which Dangerfield feels compelled to return, tracing them over and over again.

In 1915 the British were fighting a world war. Their very survival was at


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stake. Thousands of their men were killed in Flanders every week. In Ireland young men, in the prime of their vigor, were drilling with arms. They were drilling for a war not against Germany but against England. Newspaper articles, speakers in village streets, called for open insurrection against the English. The English tolerated this. In one sense, their toleration reflected their customary unwillingness to face unpleasant problems, which they hoped would go away. In another sense, it reflected the great general decency of their liberal and free tradition, their unwillingness to coerce people with certain beliefs.

THIS IS WHY men with complex sentiments and loyalties, such as Augustine Birrell, the British pro-consul in Dublin, or John Redmond, the last leader of the old Irish parliamentary party and a monument of honesty and of probity, may deserve the historian's interest even more than the single-minded Carson or De Valera. Dangerfield felt compelled to wade through the morass of political and parliamentary labyrinths, instead of employing his supreme biographical talent. He could have given us portraits of these tragic protagonists that would have stood the test of time for centuries to come.

From 1916 to 1923 there was war, near-war, and civil war in Ireland, with heroes and villains on both sides. Perhaps the only exception to this were the Ulsterites, among whom attractive personalities were few. The possibility of an Irish solution, by means of a Home Rule Bill in 1912, was destroyed by the Ulsterites in alliance with the Tories in England. Yet in view of what has happened since, not only in Ireland but elsewhere in the world, there is reason to ask: would Ireland be a part of Great Britain today even if that famous bill had been passed? Dangerfield does not ask this question. Instead, he posits a hypothesis that is strange, especially, perhaps, coming from an English writer. The Irish leaders, he suggests, should not have accepted the terms offered them by the English in December 1921, since there was "no chance *under revolutionary conditions* [his italics] to test the concept of an Irish Republic for a united Ireland." Yet a united Ireland was even less possible in 1922 than ten years before. In this respect it was the otherwise stubborn South Irish leaders who, remembering 1798 and all that, were the sometime believers in an historical illusion. But Ulster would not have it; and the end is not yet come. The loss of Ireland may have been the first step in the dissolution of the British Empire as well as of its nugatory substitution, the Commonwealth. Few people realized this at the time. Few realize it even now. □

## RANDOM NOTES

■ MORE NOVEMBER TITLES: William F. Buckley Jr.'s *Airborne: A Sentimental Journey* (Macmillan, $12.95) is an account of his trans-Atlantic voyage aboard *Cyrano*, and a memoir of his career as a sailor. . . . David A. Jasen, P. G. Wodehouse's bibliographer, has edited and composed an introduction to *The Uncollected Wodehouse* (Seabury, $8.95), a volume of newspaper and magazine pieces and of short stories. Malcolm Muggeridge provides a Foreword. . . . *The Investigative Journalist: Folk Heroes of a New Era* (Prentice-Hall, $8.95), although it discusses such robber barons as Woodstein, Jack Anderson, and Seymour Hersch, is largely devoted to the little people who populate the trade among the grassroots of American journalism. The author is James H. Dygert. . . . Geoffrey Hodgson, a British journalist who has been living in the U.S. for 21 years and filing his stories with the London *Times* and the *Observer*, has written *America in Our Time* (Doubleday, $12.95), of which *Publisher's Weekly* has remarked that its author "sometimes seems too much under the spell of polemicists like Daniel Moynihan and Irving Kristol." . . . Jan Peerce, the Metropolitan Opera tenor and one of the most vocally elegant singers in operatic history, was born Jacob Pincus Perelmuth and, previous to his career on Broadway and 39th Street, sang on the Borscht Belt and at Radio City Music Hall. His biography is called *The Bluebird of Happiness: The Memoirs of Jan Peerce* (Harper & Row, $12.50), and was written by Alan Levy. . . . *Arrivals and Departures: A Journalist's Memoirs* (Macmillan, $10.95), by Richard H. Rovere, is not really a memoir but a collection of reprinted magazine articles. Thus it casts little light upon Rovere's shrouded, prelapsarian period when he was reading *Suicide of the West* and flunking James Burnham's litmus test for liberalism. . . . James Roosevelt, in *My Parents: A Differing View* (Playboy Press, $12.50), offers a portrait of the Hyde Park ménage and claims that his brother Elliott vastly exaggerated his father's relationship with Missy LeHand but suggests that, when Frank wasn't looking, Eleanor was doing more than falling down mineshafts. . . . Over a period of 65 years, Winston S. Churchill made 14 visits to America. To this desicated statistic we owe a very pleasant book: *Churchill in America: An Affectionate Portrait 1895-1961* (Harcourt, $10) by Robert H. Pilpel.

■ LAGGING BEHIND FROM OCTOBER: Richard Ford's first novel, *A Piece of My Heart* (Harper & Row, $7.95), is undoubtedly the first signal work of nativist fiction since Larry Woiwode's *Beyond The Bedroom Wall*, and probably one of the finest of its genre in the last twenty years. (See Vic Gold's review in this issue.)

*Bismarck*
*By Alan Palmer*
*Scribners, 326 pp., $12.50*

## POLITICAL MOTION

ROBERT W. MERRY

"Great politics," in the view of that powerful yet lamentably neglected voice of our century, Oswald Spengler, "takes the place of the great politician." By politics he meant the creation of a political tradition that captures the popular imagination, draws to its standard a society's best minds, and provides nourishment for lasting institutions. And he believed such politics eliminates the need for the great politician, whose vision of a society's destiny, however powerful, can only be fleeting.

Modern European history, as this tidy biography makes clear, provides no better personification of the Spengler dictum than that stealthy Prussian empire builder, Otto von Bismarck, a great politician who left behind no great politics. True, the Iron Chancellor's diplomatic genius is beyond dispute—and amply reflected in this book, a lean but vivid narrative of how the great Prussian's diplomatic maneuvers slipped into place like clues in a well-constructed mystery novel, fulfilling that great vision of the century, a united Germany under Prussian leadership.

But in the end, as Palmer notes in the brief summing up he renders at the book's conclusion, Bismarck left little in the way of a legacy, neither the institutional framework nor the political

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protegés necessary for the Bismarckian vision to survive and flourish. "He was not, as so many contemporaries believed, a fixed star in the firmament giving the Second Reich its bearings," writes Palmer. "Rather he was a meteor, dazzling bright for a short span of time but falling to earth as a formless rock of unmalleable ironstone. Men remembered the meteor's brilliance all the more because it left no afterglow and they were soon enveloped in darkness."

That is a pretty standard interpretation. But Palmer believes that, if Bismarck's approach to internal politics was flawed, his approach to European politics was no less so. Indeed, he suggests that Bismarck didn't really have much of a diplomatic vision in the first place. Rather, says Palmer, his career was characterized by a preoccupation with power for its own sake, and by a concern for personal survival that blurred any vision he may have had of a durable European order.

Thus, Palmer disputes the conventional view of Bismarck as the last great exponent of the eighteenth century cabinet diplomacy practiced by Metternich, Castlereagh, and Czar Alexander I. Throwing off the balance-of-power restraints that guided these men, says Palmer, Bismarck fashioned a strategy of free maneuver, an effort to maintain a kind of diplomatic flux on the Continent that could be exploited by the diplomat with the greatest sense of political motion. And that diplomat, during Bismarck's time, was Bismarck himself, a master at maintaining alternative parallel policies, delaying his choices until the last moment, keeping his rivals off balance.

With a little help from Field Marshal Moltke and the General Staff, Bismarck parlayed that technique into brilliant victories over Austria (in 1866) and France (in 1870). The result was that seminal event in nineteenth century European history, the unification of Germany. But, in the end, French hostility and British wariness precluded the total abandonment of balance-of-power diplomacy, and Bismarck ended up pinning his strategy to the *Dreikaiserbund*, the "Three Emperors' League" between the Continent's major autocracies, Germany, Russia, and Austria-Hungary.

So while Bismarck continued to keep all combinations of possible action open, diplomatic realities limited his ability to operate in the way he knew best. And those same realities also tied him to an alliance inherently flawed by the explosive situation in the Balkans, which could flare at any time, destroying the *Dreikaiserbund* and unleashing more flux on the Continent than even Bismarck could handle.

Of course the Balkan tinderbox did blow up eventually, igniting in the process a conflagration on the Continent from which the West has never fully recovered. And, to the extent that Bismarck's policies from 1862 to 1890 can be said to have set Germany upon the course to 1914, perhaps Palmer is correct in suggesting that he failed in foreign policy no less than in internal politics.

But it is difficult to gainsay the Bismarckian accomplishment of 1870—or the methods employed in its behalf. After all, without Bismarck there wouldn't have been a Germany of any consequence in the nineteenth century's final decades. And, while balance-of-power diplomacy may have served the aims of Metternich and Castlereagh, whose nations already were pivotal in European diplomacy, Prussia and the hodge-podge of Germany principalities needed something more imaginative.

That something was provided by the temperamental autocrat from Schoenhausen, whose genius, not his flaw, was his freedom from ideology and sentimentality, his ability to grasp not just the realities of power, but its potential as well—and its limits. "Gentlemen," he once told the *Landtag* newspaper, "show me an objective worthy of war and I will go along with you. . . . But woe to any statesman who, at such a time, fails to find a cause of war which will stand up to scrutiny once the fighting is over."

The healthy foundation of a major state, Bismarck once said, is state egoism, as opposed to state romanticism. That distinction, lying at the base of Bismarck's remarkable career, became hopelessly blurred in Germany after he passed from the scene. That the old Prussian genius left no one behind to keep it in focus may be one of the tragedies of the West. □

*The Life of Raymond Chandler*
*By Frank MacShane*
*Dutton, 306 pp., $12.50*

# TENDER IS THE TOUGH GUY

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

There is little in Raymond Chandler's background, upbringing, or training that would account for his extraordinary success as a writer of well-crafted, hard-boiled American detective novels. Although born in America, he was raised and educated in England by a Victorian uncle who did his Victorian least by his penniless sister and her son. He never saw California, about whose seedy undersides he wrote so graphically, until a grown man. It wasn't until after he had been fired from a good job for prolonged and very public drunkenness that he turned to writing as one way to make some money. ("The best way to find out if you have friends," he was later to write, "is to go broke. The ones that hang on the longest are your friends.") He was then forty-five.

The creator of Philip Marlowe, private eye and tough guy, was an incurable romantic. He married a woman nearly twenty years older than himself —the wife of a good friend—and, while not above an occasional infidelity, remained true to her, was her constant companion, friend and nurse, until her death. He was pathologically shy, could be inordinately rude, was off and on, mostly on as he grew older, a drunkard. He was a difficult friend, a spiny business associate, suspicious, arrogant, and subject to deep suicidal depressions. But to the weak and the helpless—his mother, his wife, a hopeless secretary-housekeeper who attached herself to him after his wife's death—he was a thoughtful and a tender man.

Frank MacShane has managed the impossible. Any one with reasonable skills could have made a life of Raymond Chandler interesting simply by unrolling the facts. Mr. MacShane has done more; he shows us every wart there is, yet Chandler comes across as an attractive and sympathetic character largely because of the seriousness with which he pursued his craft as a writer and because of an irrepressible humor from which no one, most particularly


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# Dark Horses

M. STANTON EVANS

IF ANYONE doubts that the rule of law is rapidly fading from the American landscape, let him peruse the growing literature on Washington's recent craze for racial, ethnic, and sexual quotas.

He might begin by mulling the fact, as noted by Harvard's Nathan Glazer in *Affirmative Discrimination* (Basic Books, $10.95), that official quotas of any sort go flatly counter to the will of Congress. The sponsors of the Civil Rights Act of '64 were very plain in saying that racial balances were undesirable, and that "quotas themselves are discriminatory." Yet various ganglia of the bureaucracy are now relentlessly imposing quotas on businesses, colleges, and other institutions in the flimsy guise of "goals and timetables."

What has happened, according to Glazer, is that the bureaucrats and activist judges have decided the law as written is mistaken, and have simply twisted it 'round into its opposite. The negative implications for the rule of law are obvious, but become the more so when we reflect that color-consciousness in hiring, admissions, and the like is supposedly banned by the Fourteenth Amendment guarantee of "equal protection" of the laws, according to the oft-repeated dogma of our highest court and most respected sages.

The mental gymnastics required to reconcile that doctrine with "affirmative action" programs is wondrous to behold—as witness the arguments rehearsed by Robert M. O'Neil in *Discriminating Against Discrimination* (Indiana University Press, $10.95), a brief for preferential admissions. The author toys with the view that "equal protection" bans discrimination against selected groups but not discrimination in their favor. Apparently sensing the absurdity of that position, however, he settles finally on another: that preferential treatment according to race is justified if it serves a "compelling state interest" not otherwise attainable.

With that contention, the rule of law as we have historically known it is ended. What is allowable in our society is made to depend, not on a set of general principles impartially applied, but on the discretion of people wielding power. They will punish others for discrimination when that seems indicated, but will themselves discriminate when that seems properly compelling.

Nor is that the sum of evil consequences resulting from the ethnic chess game. There is also the fact, spelled out a few months back by Dr. George C. Roche in *The Balancing Act* (Open Court, $1.95), that the Federal Government is using the leverage of grants-in-aid to dictate the hiring and admissions policies of colleges and universities, thereby eroding academic standards and endangering the independence of the schools. (Remember all those assurances we were given that federal aid to education would *not* mean federal control?)

THE CULMINATING irony of the quota craze is discussed by Dr. Thomas Sowell in *Affirmative Action Reconsidered* (American Enterprise Institute, $3). Sowell cites considerable evidence to show that blacks in academia were making steady progress before the advent of "goals and timetables"—belying the view that only by such questionable methods can anything substantial be accomplished. The likely outcome, Sowell suggests, is that the lowering of standards required by "affirmative action" hiring will taint the many legitimate achievements of black scholars. (Sowell knows whereof he speaks, since he is a distinguished scholar who happens to be black.)

Last time around I noted that there were five books on the market that offered a measure of insight into the mind and politics of Jimmy Carter. Now there are six: columnist-commentator Jeffrey St. John has just brought out a volume called *Jimmy Carter's Betrayal of the South* (Green Hill, $1.75), which accuses the former Georgia governor of trading his birthright of limited government and individual freedom for a pot of message—Christian Socialist variety. Excellent documentation of Carter's many inconsistencies. □


**"A blow at the solar plexus."**
**–William F. Buckley**

The Nobel Prize-winning author's famous speeches delivered to the U.S. Congress and the AFL-CIO conventions, and the two BBC broadcasts that shocked London in March, 1976.

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himself, was ever safe. It was this seriousness of purpose and his habit of self-deprecation that saved Chandler from being the self-indulgent monster his closest friends must at times have thought him.

Frank MacShane was given access to Raymond Chandler's papers and letters and has put them to skillful use. He quotes just enough from Chandler's early writing to show what it was that would eventually distinguish his work (and that of Dashiell Hammett) from other graduates of *Black Mask* and *Dime Detective*. Hammett had, as Chandler once said, taken "murder out of the Venetian vase and dropped it in the alley." To Chandler it was important to do more, to have those alley characters taken seriously, to write serious fiction, not detective stories. He returns to that theme time and again.

> I am not satisfied that the thing can't be done [he wrote shortly after the publication of *Little Sister*], nor that sometime, somewhere, perhaps not now nor by me, a novel cannot be written which, ostensibly a mystery and keeping the spice of mystery, will actually be a novel of character and atmosphere with an overtone of violence or fear.

His frustration in trying to transcend the genre is amusingly demonstrated in a letter to Blanche Knopf:

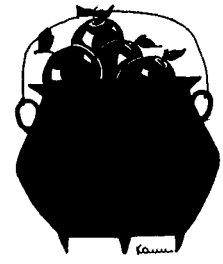
> . . . the thing that rather gets me down is that when I write something that is tough and fast and full of mayhem and murder, I get panned for being tough and fast and full of mayhem and murder, and then when I try to tone down a bit and develop the mental and emotional side of a situation, I get panned for leaving out what I was panned for putting in the first time.

He was a stickler about his writing.

> . . . Convey my compliments [he wrote Edward Weeks of the *Atlantic*] to the purist who reads your proofs and tell him or her that I write in a sort of broken-down patois which is something like the way a Swiss waiter talks, and that when I split an infinitive, God damn it, I split it so it will stay split, and when I interrupt the velvety smoothness of my more or less literate syntax with a few words of barroom vernacular, this is done with the eyes open and the mind relaxed but attentive.

He tosses out one book on which he had spent six months because it was not good enough, which will leave him "with possibly nothing to eat for the next six. But it also leaves the world a far, far better place to live in than if I had not thrown it away." Literature he once described as "any sort of writing at all that reaches sufficient intensity of performance to glow with its own heat." He could not agree with the popular dictum that has it that writers hate to write. "How can you hate the magic which makes a paragraph or a sentence or a line of dialogue or a description something in the nature of a new creation?" he asked.

To his craft, as to his wife, Raymond Chandler remained true to the end. But did he succeed in his only real ambition? Will he be remembered as a novelist rather than as a writer of detective potboilers? Frank MacShane gives us the facts. He quotes from what others had to say about Chandler's work, but he makes no final judgment himself. What his book will do is to send other readers, as it will send me, back to *The Big Sleep*, *Farewell, My Lovely*, and the others, to decide for themselves. □



*The Thirteenth Tribe*
*By Arthur Koestler*
*Random House, 255 pp., $8.95*

## CHUTZPAH

JANE MAJESKI

The comparatively sudden appearance of large communities of Jews in Eastern Europe during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries is generally attributed to the migration eastward, because of discrimination and persecution, of Jews from France, England, and Germany. In *The Thirteenth Tribe*, Arthur Koestler argues that this theory has been accepted primarily because of a lack of any alternative explanation. Koestler maintains that, even allowing for the inaccuracy of modern estimates of the population of medieval Europe, the Western European Jewish community, at no time large (it is estimated that there were only 2,500 Jews in England before their expulsion in 1290), and regularly diminished through adversity, would not have been capable of producing a sufficient number of emigrés to account for the sizable Jewish population of Eastern Europe. By the seventeenth century, the Jewish community in the kingdom of Poland-Lithuania is said to have numbered 500,000 or 5 per cent of the total population.

*The Thirteenth Tribe*, a study of the Khazars, attempts to prove that the majority of modern Jewry (the Ashkenazim or European Jews number 11 million, while the Sephardim are a mere 500,000) is in fact descended from this Turkic tribe that settled in the Caucasus in the sixth century, built up an empire in the seventh and eighth centuries that preserved Eastern Europe from the advances of Islam and defended Byzantium from the ravages of the nomadic peoples of the steppe, and converted to Judaism in the eighth century. The mighty Khazar empire, destroyed in the tenth century by the onslaughts of the Russians, then disappeared from the chroniclers' records.

Koestler argues that the Khazar people survived the fall of their kingdom and continued to live in the Caucasus until they were driven west into Eastern Europe by the arrival of first the Pechenegs and later the Mongols in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. The similarities between Yiddish and the Slavonic languages and the customs and characteristics of East European Jewry that resemble more closely those of the inhabitants of the Caucasus than of Western Europe are used by Koestler to buttress his theory; nevertheless, the argument finally rests upon his ability to prove that the Khazars survived the collapse of their kingdom in sufficient numbers to account for the Jewish communities in Eastern Europe.

THE KHAZARS left behind them no written records, and the little information we do possess about them is culled from the chronicles of medieval Byzantine and Islamic scholars, the Khazars' enemies. Much that is known about the Khazars is of questionable veracity; however, their conversion to Judaism is accepted by all, albeit the specific details concerning it vary widely. And although the conversion may originally have had political motivations, it proved to be lasting and genuine, at least among the ruling class.

Koestler's theory is predicated upon the assumption that all except a small minority of Khazars converted to Judaism—an assumption not necessarily supported by the available evidence. Both Islam and Byzantium had conducted intensive missionary efforts among the Khazars since the eighth century, not without success. The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chroniclers all mention the presence of large numbers of Muslims, Christians, and even heathens in the cities of the Khazars. Several mention that the seven judgeships in the capital city, Itil, were divided among the Jews, Christians, Muslims, and heathens of the city.

Whether the Khazars preserved their tribal or religious unity after the collapse of their state is similarly open to question. The few mentions made of the Khazars in eleventh century Islamic chronicles are of Muslims. The biased nature of such sources may raise doubts as to the accuracy of the reports; however, the evidence Koestler advances to support his argument is, upon examination, misleading. Claiming that Itil, the Khazar capital, survived the Russian attacks because the Russian Primary Chronicle mentions only the sack of Sarkel, Koestler ignores the mention made in Islamic and Byzantine chronicles alike of the complete destruction of both Itil and Sarkel. He also neglects to inform the reader that the Russian Primary Chronicle merely describes Prince Svyatoslav's destruction of the "White City," which is identified as either Sarkel or Itil, depending upon the historian.

Despite the intriguing nature of the thesis put forth by Koestler, it has no firmer factual foundation than the theory it seeks to supplant, and the manner in which it is presented does incalculable harm. Historical accuracy is discarded where it impairs the symmetry of his argument; and, in an attempt, one presumes, to attract a popular mass audience, Koestler abandons the dispassionate and exact language of his earlier works for clichés. Phrases such as "no news is good news in history," "the Khazars had their fingers in many historic pies," "it was good psychology" abound. The reader is also confused by the endless use of twentieth century terminology to describe Khazar society: Koestler discusses the influence of the Khazar princesses on Byzantine "haute couture" and the Khazar's "Brains Trust." What could have made a fascinating and thought-provoking article was instead stretched to book length through the introduction of extraneous and misleading information and a great many unnecessary asides. The result is a work that has neither the value of a well-executed, honest piece of scholarship nor the emotional appeal of a polemic—only the earmarks of a poorly researched and hastily written book. □

## BOOKS IN BRIEF

LOVERS AND TYRANTS, *by Francine du Plessix Gray (Simon & Schuster, 316 pp., $8.95)* Madame Gray's prose is flowery, often tedious in its esoteric similes and metaphors. She herself is overbearing, interrupting the flow of her narration with Thackeray-like sermonizing. She is obsessed with psychoanalysis; her narrator's second love is a thumbsucking young girl who calls her parents Shawn and Mary in the true Progressive manner. Nevertheless, the book fascinates, delights, draws the reader under its spell, and so we follow Stephanie avidly from Paris to New York to the Côte d'Azur and back again, the cities changing with each season of the year and each stage of her growth. Stephanie lives by the maxim "all permanence drives ecstasy to decay." It becomes not a guiding light but rather an overwhelming phobia, and true to such, she rejects everyone—family, childhood governess, her few friends, and many lovers. She whips through adolescent phases that make her a Freudian prodigy: at 13, she drinks tea, goes to operas, eats brandied peaches, and reads Khalil Gibran. For seven chapters Stephanie denies all "guardians of the past." In the eighth and final

*(Continues on page 1255)*


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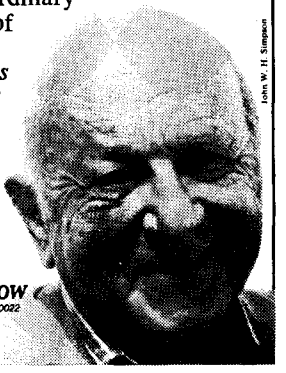


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**HAZELTON**

(Continued from page 1239)

quant light tomato mixture; a rolled up slice of veal filled with breadcrumbs, currants, pine nuts, cheese, and herbs; chopped pork rich with a mixture of minced salami, hard-cooked eggs, onion, and cheese; and many others. The fish was fresh from the sea, and frequently prepared with a light tomato and vegetable sauce; the local broccoli, which looked like cauliflower tinted a luscious green, came vinaigrette or deep fried. (Oil being plentiful and fuel scarce, deep frying is a Sicilian art.) I thought the Palermo street-food excellent. At the fish and vegetable market I ate fried sardines, roasted chitterlings (still hot from the charcoal over which they are cooked), and any number of fritters (plain or filled with custards or ricotta mixtures).

The twice-daily feasts unavoidably became a series of tastings rather than meals. Even so, the couscous dishes stood out: Arab and Sicilian couscous, couscous made with fish or flesh, Hebrew couscous, sweet couscous. The latter is a fascinating dish of minced almonds, sugar pistachios, and pine nuts, flavored with cinnamon. This we ate at Agrigento, in sight of the Valley of the Temples. There, too, we ate the ravishing sweetmeats made (by the cloistered nuns of the Holy Ghost Convent) from almond paste in the shape of shells, flowers, and fruits, tinted in pastel and decorated in the best baroque manner. These sweets have been made by the cloistered nuns of Sicily for centuries. I bought some at a Palermo convent, putting my money into the turning wheel which is their sole means of communication with the outside world; not too long ago, unwanted babies were also left in this wheel for the nuns to raise.

Throughout the island the food in the restaurants and taverns is very good indeed, costing from $3 to $7 for a three-course meal with wine and trimmings, and often including complicated dishes. All the places I ate in were very clean, and I chose them at random, attracted by their appearances. The few wines sold in these places, though lacking the subtleties of a vintage Bordeaux or Moselle, were not the coarse, rough stuff I expected. They were surprisingly dry, despite alcoholic strength of 11 to 14 per cent. □


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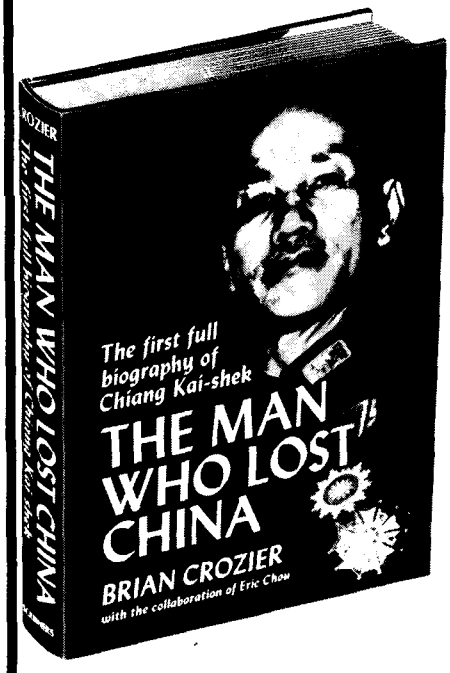
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# Mr. Ford's Polish Joke

**On The Right**

*New York*, Oct. 10—You can hardly blame Carter for opportunizing on President Ford's startling liberation of Poland during their debate on foreign policy, but the roles of the Democratic and the Republican candidates have become almost impossibly confused by the gaffe. After all, it is the Republicans who have traditionally done the most (however insufficient) to keep alive the hope of the liberation of Eastern Europe. The Democrats tend to be associated with a foreign policy of permanent acquiescence in the colonization by the Communists of any part of the world, with the single exception of Israel. A political party that, through Senator Frank Church and his committee, threatened congressional mutiny when the Executive tried to help Portugal and Italy stave off the Communists is not going to lie down for anything in Eastern Europe that tends to threaten their policy of appeasement at any cost. But as a purely political matter, Ford is now on the defensive.

WHAT MR. FORD said is, frankly, inexplicable—notwithstanding the explanations he and his aides have attempted. It is as if Ford had said, during a general discussion of the great rivers of the world and the problems of flood control: "Fortunately, the Mississippi River doesn't flow through the United States." Everybody looks up and someone finally says—"You do mean the *Amazon* doesn't flow through the United States, don't you Mr. President?"

And he says, "No, I mean the Mississippi: M-i-s-s-i-s-s-i-p-p-i."

There is simply no accounting for this. The notion that what Mr. Ford intended to say was not that Poland was autonomous and independent but that the United States does not recognize the satellization of Poland by the Soviet Union as a permanent arrangement, is simply not validated by what Mr. Ford in fact said in answer to Mr. Frankel's chivalrous question designed to straighten Mr. Ford out. President Ford said, "Each of those countries [Yugoslavia, Rumania, Poland] *is* independent, autonomous; it has its own territorial integrity, and the United States does not concede that those countries *are* under the domination of the Soviet Union."

Now an explanation for this statement (the last contender for the Presidency to make such a statement about Eastern Europe was Henry Wallace, some of whose speeches were written for him by Communist agents, the others being incoherent) is beyond the grasp of normal men of tidy deductive habits. The pernicious aspect of the slip is the damage it did to the whole post-Kansas City image of Ford as an impressively competent Chief Executive.

Mr. Carter is trying to give out the notion that the White House staff that has so successfully programmed President Ford forgot to tell him that, in 1945, we lost Poland. Unhappily, Mr. Ford made it easy for him. Those who desire the truth must settle for a kind of trans-literal confidence. Mr. Ford is not a specialist in verbal precision or rhetorical inflection, and is certainly not at home with the subjunctive mood. One is required to conclude that he meant to convey something else—he is, after all, a bright man. But he faces difficulties now, yet again, of a very broad character, which afflictions he was successfully pulling away from before he committed the ultimate Polish joke. □

## AND FINALLY ON PANAMA

*Panama City*, Oct. 12—I met in due course with the military arm, and put the question there to experienced men-at-arms: How, primarily, would the United States meet a challenge to the Panama Canal mounted by the Soviet Union? The answer, as expected, was: By the use of our navy and air force. These are the instruments by which we would abort, say, a shipload of Cubans, or even Russians, dispatched (presumably with the acquiescence of the government of Panama) to take control. There are two other forms that a threat to the Canal might take. Against the first—a missile fired into one of the locks—there is no defense. We do not plan ABM installations for the Canal. The second is espionage, combined with guerrilla activity. Expert technicians confess that there was no way in which with any sense of assurance U.S. inspectors could examine every crevice of a huge tanker for the purpose of sweeping it clean of explosives. By the same token, short of posting marines arm to arm on two sides, over the entire length of the Canal, infiltrators could not be detected. Even then, guerrilla forces could dent the line at least temporarily.

NOW BEAR this in mind. The Panamanian interest in the Canal is, in very large part, national pride. But it is also ten parts the desire for income. They look on the Canal as their principal natural resource, and in a way it is. Remind a Panamanian that the United States paid for the Canal, and he is all prepared to smother you with counter arguments, some of them plausible, some sophistical. Among the former is the little known fact that for centuries before the Canal was built, the Panamanians portaged freight from one ocean to the other, charging approximately 2 per cent of the value of the freight—an enormous charge, by current standards. The estimate is that current tolls add only one-third of 1 per cent of the cost of goods sold, say, in America, produced in Japan. Now it is the clear intent of the Panamanian government, having "nationalized its primary resource" in the same sense that Venezuela nationalized its oil and iron deposits, to increase the toll charges perhaps as much as 200 per cent.The resulting increase in the cost to consumers of products that pass through the Canal would not be great. Many of the carriers, on the other hand, have the protection of considering other routes (it is as close to New York from Manila going through the Suez Canal); and the alternative of using rail from, say, San Diego to Mobile.

The point here is that Panama is not likely to acquiesce in the destruction of



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a canal which it looks to for several hundred million dollars of income. It is plausible to assume that Panama would side with the United States in defending the Panama Canal against, say, the Soviet Union.

It is probable, moreover, that the Panamanians would consent to U.S. military bases as necessary to help guard the Canal. Certainly the Panamanians would depend on U.S. technology to run the Canal. Many of its fixtures are fifty years old and require a familiarity born of years of experience.

THE RESIDENTS of the Canal Zone are suffering a sundering morale crisis. Incredibly, this is less the result of Panamanian importunity than of United States neglect. The myth is that the Panamanian Americans lead a hedonistic life. An hour with representatives of that community brings home the sacrifices they endure. These are aggravated by an ignorance of their future. A relevant division of the bureaucracy refuses to give them guarantees of similar jobs in other areas of the world in which the United States maintains installations. By and large, they would decline to stay under Panamanian sovereignty, judging Panamanian governments to be inexperienced in such off-hand matters as equality before the law, habeas corpus, and civil rights. Much of the pressure to hang on to Panama emanates from these American Panamanians—less because of the old arguments about the defense of the Canal or the juridical right of the United States to hang on to it—than because they feel that they are being neglected in the high-stake game being played by Ambassador Bunker and the Panamanian negotiators.

My own conclusion? Establish that which is necessary for the defense of the Canal, and require it. Agree that payments by American shipping will flow into a fund for the generous resettlement of the American community in Panama. Require that there be no discriminatory pricing of tolls going through the Canal. Then get out. We could stay in. We have a right to stay in. Make that point clear, and then get out—while the initiative is still, clearly, our own. That is the way great nations should act. □

## AN EVENING WITH CASTRO

*Panama City*, Oct. 14 —For those antiquarians who cherish an occasional vignette of the kind which in better days would stir the blood of free men, here is one the hero of which is a Panamanian banker.

For reasons irrelevant to the story, this young businessman had a mission to transact with Fidel Castro, and the contacts to arrange for a meeting with him. He made his arrangements to go.

But these arrangements are to be distinguished from those apparently made by the typical visitor to Cuba from the United States, whether congressman or civil servant or journalist. The visitor put all other cares aside and spent an entire fortnight familiarizing himself with the Cuba from which Fidel Castro—it is now being all but universally said—rescued the people. He was sophisticated enough to know that for years the Russian Communists quieted Western apprehensions by reciting the horrors of life under the Czars. Recent studies establish that the period of greatest growth in virtually every direction in Russia was during the first 15 years of this century. But all Communist arguments are orchestrated around the conditions in Russia in 1917, and those in Russia today. It is not even asked what would Russia under the Czars have done between 1917 and 1976 in the absence of Lenin and his successors.

HAVING DONE his historical homework, the banker visited with Cuban refugees, getting from them in detail figures, descriptions, locations. On arriving in Havana, he knew that Castro would play his seigneurial game of refusing to indicate an hour for the scheduled conference. He took accordingly two precautions. He devoted his time to touring Havana and the countryside demanding that his official guide stop the car at this school, or at that grocery store, or at this medical clinic: and into the memory bank the descriptions were stored: How it was now, almost twenty years after Castro's takeover, compared with how it was then.

The second precaution was to train the body. *Mens sana in corpore sano.* Castro, like Stalin—whose legitimate son he is—rejoices in midnight conferences. They suit, to begin with, Castro's personal habits. They are, moreover, psychologically intimidating. Stay up until midnight doing whatever you do in the evening hours, get awakened by a knock on the door at two in the morning with the news that Castro is expecting you *at that moment*, and you are not likely to be at your best. The visitor, anticipating that Castro could not postpone much longer the interview, went to bed at 8 P.M.—and indeed, at two in the morning, in the safe house where he had been told to stay, the knock came to inform him that Castro was in the east wing.

With, incredibly, very nearly all of his Cabinet. He likes that kind of thing. The full court, any hour of the day or of the night; and the conversations began.

IN THINKING back to when something of the sort happened to another dictator, one can only think of the great moment when Stalin, at a reception in Moscow, was accosted by Lady Astor who asked when was he going to stop killing people. Castro swaggered in with the kind of stuff that overwhelms American senators and Latin American archbishops: and he found he had run into a stone wall. Courteously, but confidently, the young banker confuted virtually every claim made. He corrected Castro's pre-revolutionary statistics. He challenged, giving the evidence of his own eyes, Castro's claims to the quality of modern medicine in Cuba; to the availability of all basic foodstuffs; to the pupil-teacher ratio.

Castro began then to squirm, and to look aside at his Cabinet, as if to say: How did you permit me to get into this mess with this argumentative bourgeois? One could not tell—the banker reported—whether the glance meant that the next morning the Cabinet would be sent to the sugarfields and a new set of sycophants brought in; or whether the deadly glance suggested that Castro's pride was maimed at having been himself deceived, even as the Czars were regularly deceived by their courts. In desperation, Fidel Castro pulled out a book—on himself, by Frank Mankiewicz, former aide to Senator Robert Kennedy, campaign manager to George McGovern. A paean to Castro's Cuba. Of course, the banker had already read it: and held it in the contempt it deserves. He handed back the volume to Castro, as if to say: give it to your propaganda minister.

I learned the story the afternoon that the good archbishop of Panama, the Most Reverend Marcos McGrath, praised the achievements of Castro for his people. He did this most sincerely. Why should he be expected to know more than Frank Mankiewicz about conditions in Cuba? And the next morning—sometimes the prodigality of providence is breathtaking—the morning newspaper in Panama reported that Castro had rationed the consumption of coffee in Cuba to one and one half ounces per person per week. Another twenty years of Castro, and the ration will be reduced to half an ounce per week. □

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**HART**

(Continued from page 1234)

mum School. In every school, parents should have available to them the option of choosing a curriculum restricted to the irreducible core of essential subjects: reading, writing, languages, math, history, science. This would be a no-nonsense curriculum. It would be understood that clay modeling, weaving, doll construction, flute practice, volley ball, sex education, laments about racism, and discussion of South Africa and other weighty matters would take place on private time. It is difficult to tell how many people would opt for the Minimum School. Perhaps a good many people feel unable to superintend the extra-academic life of their children and prefer the schools to take over an increasing share of this task. But my own guess is that quite a few people would find the Minimum School idea attractive, and not only as a way of helping to bring education costs under some restraint. Many Americans, after all, believe that they themselves are the best judges of how they and their children should spend their time. And a great many students, especially the bright ones, sense the sham quality of much that keeps them in school from dawn until almost dark. □

**LETTERS**

(Continued from page 1212)

choice. More would share their concern if bureaucrats told *all* parents they had no say as to the schools their children attend.

JOSEPH P. HIGGINBOTHAM
*Winthrop, Mass.*

### School Days

Regarding Robert Powers' comment in "Letters," Oct. 1, my senescent memory is at odds with his.

I suffered with him in the Our Lady of Mercy choir (those Buster Brown collars!), and it is quite true that we inflicted sanguinary massacre upon "Faith of Our Fathers" at fairly frequent intervals. However, we sang it to a tune totally different from the doleful dirge one usually hears (just as "Away in a Manger" can be set to the air of "Sweet Afton"). Our version was in 6/8 time, like "Garryowen" and "All Hail to St. Patrick." You could march to it or even jig to it, and it would have sounded grand on the bagpipes—except that our Depression-beleaguered parents couldn't afford anything better for the school band than three-dollar fifes. (The band couldn't play the school song either.)

*New York, N.Y.* OWEN HALPIN

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## BOOKS IN BRIEF

(Continued from page 1249)

scene, when the narration signals a change by switching from first to third person, she loses her phobia and sees that "you must make an effort to remember to remember to remember the kingdom of your history. And if you can't recall it, invent it." Truth is not important; the past is. She has exorcised the tyrants from her past, making it her own, and so arrives at a true beginning.

LAURIE PROTHRO

JAZZ IS, *by Nat Hentoff (Ridge Press/Random House, 288 pp., $10).* Jazz is back—hadn't you noticed? But that means jazz books are back, and your only defense remains the buyer's strike: even when they wind up on the 98¢ counter, as this one surely will. Actually, it isn't as bad as I was primed for. In a baker's dozen interview-articles (bulked up to look like $10), Hentoff captures some of the personality and art of Louis Armstrong and Billie Holiday, and even backs off a few paces from the Negro-as-victim dirge. But ultimately he succumbs to the same banalities that make your average jazz writer God's gift to insomniacs. He is obsessed with race; worse, he casts away all standards in a meretricious defense of that mindless, caterwauling exercise in self-indulgence, the New Jazz. The best parts of the book are the quotes, and the best quote of all comes from the best pianist of all, Teddy Wilson: "I do believe that any youngster who is genuinely interested in music eventually has to leave much of rock behind. I don't want to sound immodest, but what musicians like myself play is like PhD music compared to the nursery-school sounds of a lot of rock and roll. They've *got* to grow out of it. And that goes for their parents, too. I mean the kind of parents who try to pretend they love rock so their kids won't think they're old fogies. You can only maintain that stance so long—unless, in musical terms, you're retarded."

NEIL MCCAFFREY

DETAILS OF A SUNSET, *by Vladimir Nabokov (McGraw-Hill, 179 pp., $8.95).* Since Latin ceased to be a universal literary medium, there have been only a handful of first-rate writers who have produced major bodies of work in more than one language; and—perhaps it says something about the twentieth century—two of them are our contemporaries: Samuel Beckett and Vladimir Nabokov. Nabokov in particular has played on his bi-lingualism. His little masterpiece *Pnin* is virtually macaronic; his autobiography started life in English as *Conclusive Evidence*, was metamorphosed into Russian with additions and corrections, and then came back into English as *Speak, Memory*. Twenty years ago Nabokov sadly remarked, "None of my American friends have read my Russian books and thus every appraisal on the strength of my English ones is bound to be out of focus." Since then he has—in collaboration with, principally, his son, Dmitri—translated all his Russian novels and four volumesful of short stories. *Details of a Sunset* contains the last batch of Russian stories he thinks worth translating; they range from 1924, when their author was 25 years old, to 1935, when he was working on his last, great Russian novels, *Invitation to a Beheading* and *The Gift*. While his novels have always been recognizably "Nabokovian," some of the early short stories, excellent in themselves, are more reminiscent of the work of other artists (Chagall, Maupassant, Chekhov) than of *Pnin*, *Lolita*, *Pale Fire*. Others, the straightforward narratives set in or near St. Petersburg, share their texture and some of their incidents with *Speak, Memory*. One of the best, the title story, has a viscously surrealistic atmosphere through which the characters must wade. Of the 13 stories in *Details of a Sunset*, all are at least very good; three or four are great.

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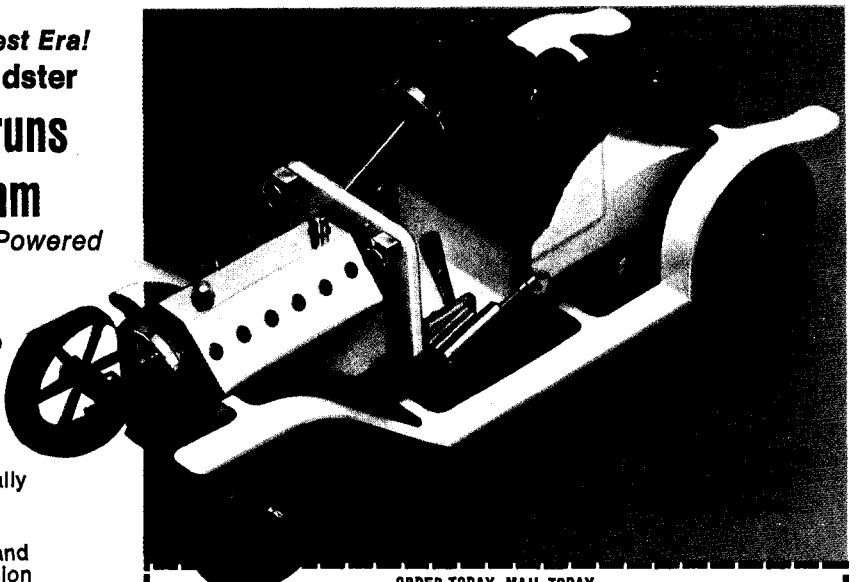

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# Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

## DEFINITIONS

A. This is two-thirds of advancement — 140 135 175 130 167 210

B. What "Life with Father" was — 7 93 218 74 196 209 65

C. A Pacific atoll where atomic bombs were tested in 1946 — 39 102 165 200 94 208

D. She sold millions of books without resorting to obscenity — 47 58 203 121 88 205 170 179 220 3 / 153 143 29 43

E. This small vessel sounds like a fighter craft — 57 201 136 211 21 163 182

F. What a wheat farmer might use to keep his pants up — 119 75 217 198 137 127 9 103 186

G. Sailors who hang around an English racetrack — 13 100 146 158 172 4 177 216 31 48

H. Not absurd — 134 8 63 105 118 131 145 147 69 115

I. What a forest ranger near Chattanooga might be called — 62 68 11 42 54 56 87

J. Could a journalist make footnotes on this? — 142 207 215 144 104 44 193

K. A soldier popularized by Oscar Straus — 164 49 171 214 187 79 194 138 97

L. A type of wine — 169 162 60 176 159 189 219 20 33 109

M. A novel by Victor Hugo — 185 5 51 70 16 81 91 101 113 141 / 148

N. A type of blonde — 204 117 181 184 46 61 89 96 116 34

O. The right rite for some Roman Catholics — 128 6 19 37 45 59

P. Tribe led by Abd-el-Krim — 212 50 15 27

Q. Otalgia — 18 80 85 122 64 108 98

R. Part of Normandy taken June 6, 1944 — 206 53 86 36 168 151 191 178 123

S. Recordings of chess moves — 22 26 38 125 199 76 188 55 66

T. Part of an automobile or airplane containing instruments — 114 71 25 28 161 40 152 90 10

U. Making a supply last by economy — 124 78 213 111 95

V. To come together again — 156 149 133 202 82 190 173

W. An Italian poet (1474-1533) — 160 72 110 14 30 129 41

X. After supper — 67 32 73 139 84 92 166

Y. Yours, old man — 2 183 154 83 180

Z. One who is named to an office — 174 107 195 132 23 150 35 155 120

a. What the college girl did when she put the heart before the course — 77 106 112 24 126

b. Negro actor who stole the show from Amos and Andy — 99 1 12 52 157 192 197 17

## DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1250 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

| | | | | 1 b | 2 Y | | 3 D | 4 G | | 5 M | 6 O | 7 B | 8 H | 9 F | 10 T | | 11 I | 12 b | 13 G |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | 14 W | 15 P | | 16 M | 17 b | 18 Q | | 19 O | 20 L | 21 E | 22 S | 23 Z | 24 a | 25 T | | 26 S | 27 P | | 28 T |
| 29 D | 30 W | 31 G | 32 X | 33 L | 34 N | | 35 Z | 36 R | 37 O | 38 S | | 39 C | 40 T | 41 W | 42 I | 43 D | 44 J | | 45 O |
| | 46 N | 47 D | 48 G | 49 K | 50 P | 51 M | 52 b | 53 R | 54 I | 55 S | | 56 I | 57 E | 58 D | 59 O | 60 L | | 61 N | 62 I |
| 63 H | 64 Q | 65 B | 66 S | | 67 X | 68 I | | 69 H | 70 M | 71 T | 72 W | 73 X | | 74 B | 75 F | 76 S | 77 a | 78 U | 79 K |
| 80 Q | 81 M | 82 V | 83 Y | 84 X | | 85 Q | 86 R | 87 I | 88 D | 89 N | 90 T | | 91 M | 92 X | 93 B | 94 C | | 95 U | 96 N |
| 97 K | 98 Q | 99 b | | 100G | 101M | 102C | 103F | 104J | 105H | 106a | 107Z | 108Q | 109L | | 110W | 111U | | 112a | 113M |
| 114T | 115H | 116N | | 117N | 118H | | 119F | 120Z | 121D | | 122Q | 123R | 124U | 125S | 126a | | 127F | 128O | 129W |
| | 130A | 131H | | 132Z | 133V | 134H | | 135A | 136E | 137F | | 138K | 139X | 140A | 141M | | 142J | 143D | |
| 144J | 145H | 146G | | 147H | 148M | 149V | 150Z | | 151R | 152T | 153D | 154Y | 155Z | 156V | | 157b | 158Q | 159L | |
| 160W | | 161T | 162L | 163E | 164K | 165C | | 166X | 167A | | 168R | 169L | 170D | 171K | 172G | 173V | | 174Z | |
| 175A | 176L | 177G | 178R | 179D | 180Y | 181N | | 182E | 183Y | 184N | 185M | | 186F | 187K | | 188S | 189L | 190V | 191R |
| 192b | 193J | | 194K | | 195Z | 196B | 197b | 198F | 199S | 200C | 201E | 202V | | 203D | 204N | | 205D | | 206R |
| 207J | 208C | 209B | 210A | | 211E | 212P | 213U | 214K | 215J | 216G | 217F | 218B | 219L | 220D | | | | | |



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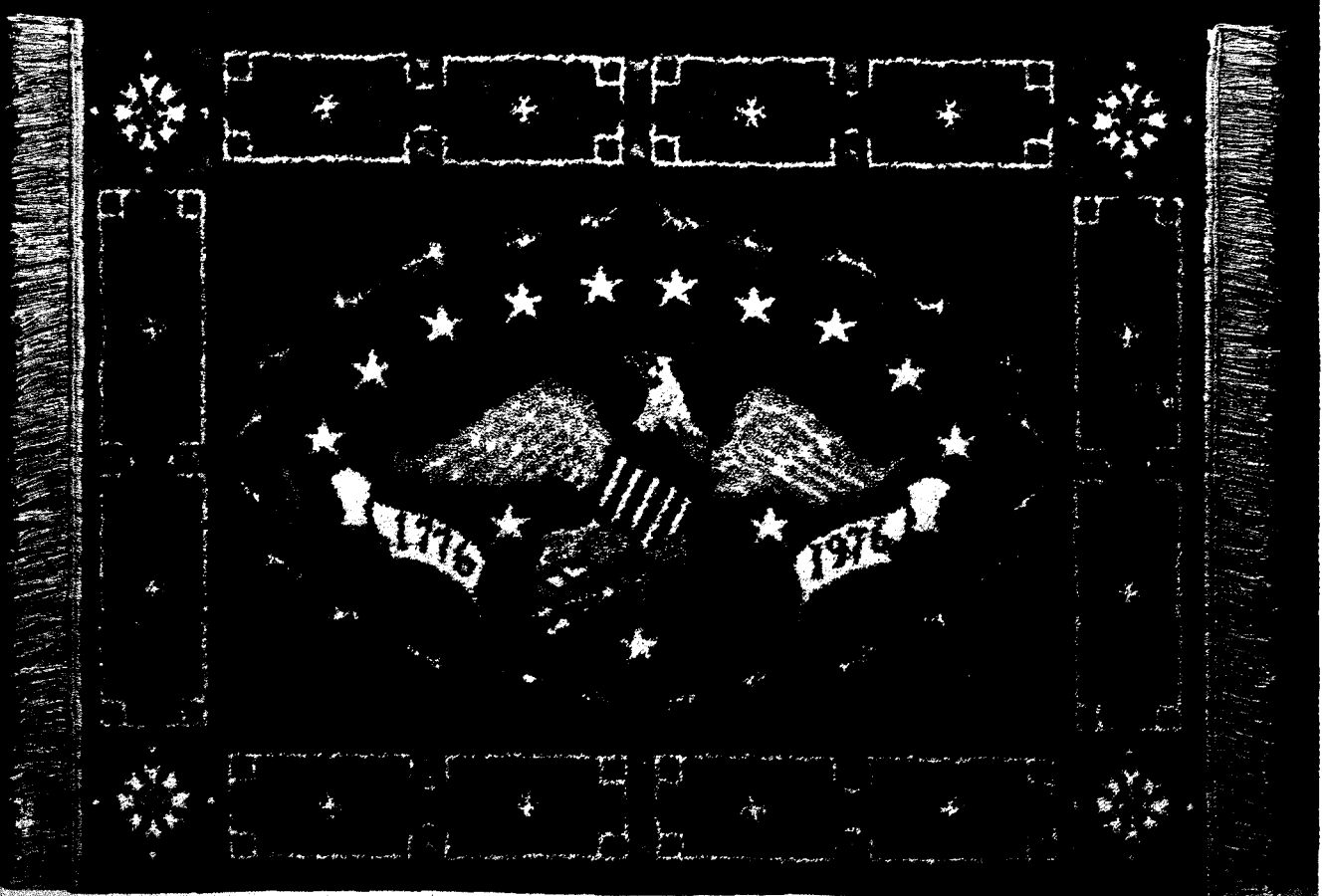


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